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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

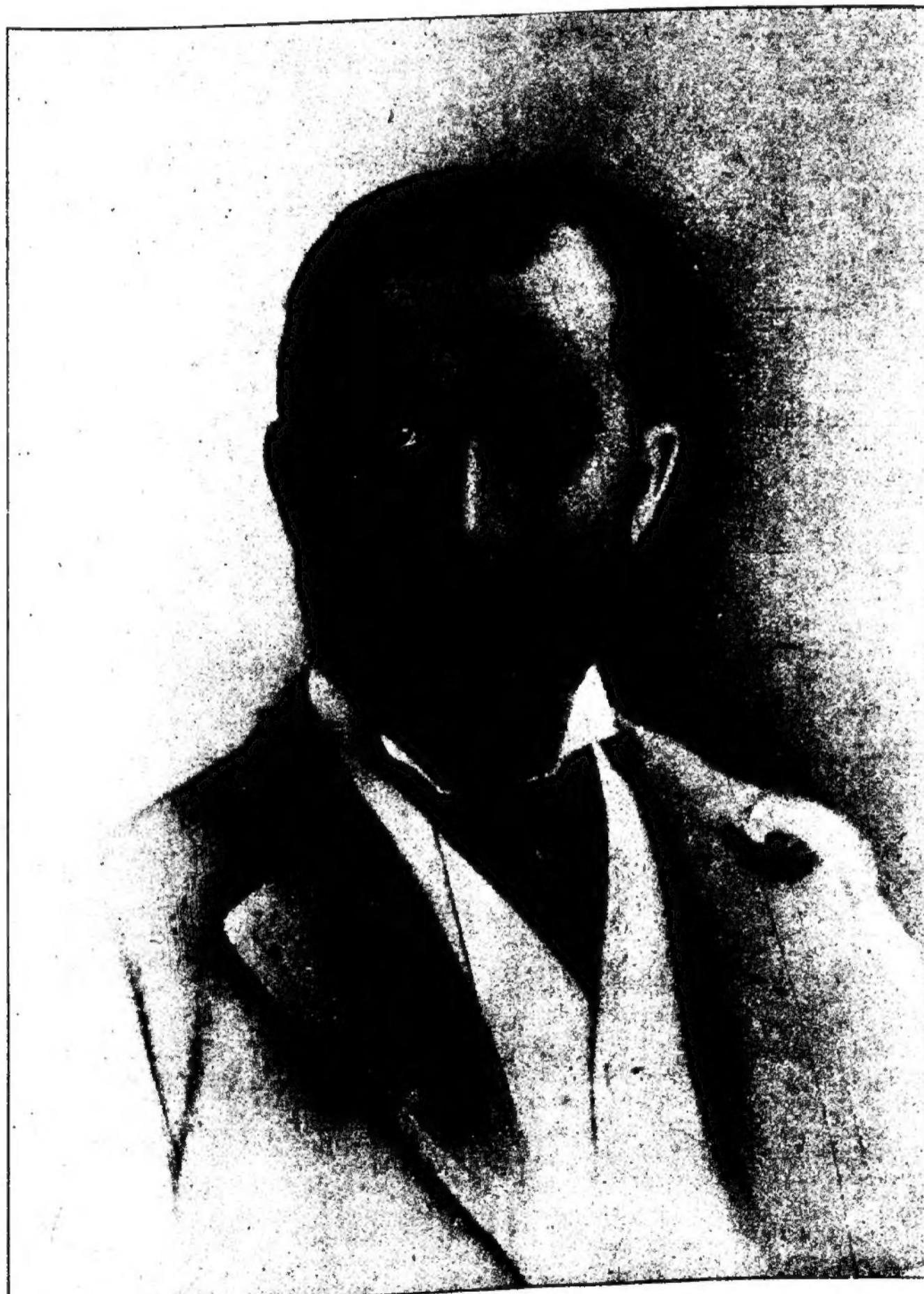
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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY.

We are forming a joint stock company to own and publish this journal. Its success as a commercial enterprise is now beyond doubt. The reception given the paper by the Press and the Public has been enthusiastic. The subscription lists keep swelling day by day. The advertising is steadily improving and the outlook generally is excellent. We started the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED with limited means, and have, single-handed, brought it to a period when the employment of additional capital is not only justified by the work done, the results achieved, and the certainty of success, but is required for the improvement, permanency and economic production of the paper. The proposed capital of the company is \$50,000, in shares of \$100, a notable portion of which is already subscribed by good business men, whose names are a guarantee of efficient and successful administration. Among these are:

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Applications for shares should be sent at once to the undersigned, as we expect to close the stock list in a few days.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal.



Expectation is just now on tiptoe as to the composition of President Harrison's Cabinet. To J. G. Blaine report generally assigns the portfolio of Secretary of State. Yet those who are behind the scenes say that there is no love lost between the pious President and the somewhat cynical but undoubtably able statesman from Maine.

It would be well if Señor Sagasta's policy of military retrenchment were imitated by the greater powers. There is little likelihood, however, that such will be the case. On the continent it is hopeless to look for assured peace save under the pressure of great armaments, and now we see by the Queen's speech, at the opening of the Imperial Parliament, that England must, *nolens volens*, follow suite.

The Sackville question has assumed a new phase. It is now asserted that it was at Lord Salisbury's suggestion that the unwary minister had been sent about his business. The explanation of a proceeding so apparently unfriendly on the part of the British Premier is that, as long as a foreign Government took the initiative, a minister or envoy could be considered free from censure, whereas, if he were recalled, on grounds of complaint, by his own Government, his career as a diplomatist would be virtually ended.

Australasia has sent forth no uncertain sound on the Samoan question, which, to our South Pacific fellow-colonists, is a really vital question. To them the Germans, who, in spite of Queensland's warning, were allowed their own way in New Guinea, are intruders and aggressors on their lawful domain. England's apathy (as they deem it) is preparing a world of troubles for herself and them in a possibly near future. English statesmen at home have, however, to keep an eye fixed on European complications as well as on what some of them regards as mere "South Sea bubbles."

The subject of Sir Richard Cartwright's motion on the right of negotiating commercial treaties was more interesting than the debate on it. Sir Richard spoke, as he always does, with vigour, and everything seemed to promise a discussion of more than usual importance. The strategy of the Premier, however, brought about an absurd anti-climax. In one issue, nevertheless, the stirring up of the question has been fortunate. It has called forth kindly and timely comments in the English press as to the relations between the metropolis and ourselves and assurances of the Home Government's readiness to stand by us in all our perplexities.

The Parnell Commission reached an acute stage lately when Le Caron, whose story of his career is like one of Boisgobey's novels, and Pigott, the procurer and seller of the incriminating letters, were put in the witness box. Mr. Macdonald, business manager of the *Times*, was also keenly cross-questioned by Sir Charles Russell. The supposed revelations have left the state of opinion on the controversy practically unchanged—the Parnellites and their sympathizers denying and the Ministerialists insisting on the genuineness of the letters and the truth of the accusations. Pigott

is now said to have disappeared and to have confessed that the letters are forgeries.

The *contretemps* resulting from Mr. Perry Belmont's premature appearance at Madrid as American minister and the necessity, which his apparent unconsciousness of anything wrong imposed on the Spanish authorities, of informing him of the true state of affairs—Mr. Curry not having as yet been officially withdrawn—reveals a sad lack of system in the diplomatic organization at Washington. It is, indeed, by Americans of sensitive patriotism, that the most incisive criticisms of Washington diplomacy have been uttered. The Hon. Messrs. Eugene Schuyler and Dorman B. Eaton long since called attention to the need of thorough reform, both in the matter of appointment and in the disregard of etiquette.

The resignation of M. Floquet, on the adoption of a motion to postpone revision indefinitely, was a surprise even to the mover, Count de Douville-Maillefeu. General Boulanger claimed it as a victory for himself, and issued an egotistic manifesto to the electors of the Seine. The consequences threatened to be serious, as all possible premiers shrank from the task of forming a Ministry. M. Meline, who had succeeded M. Floquet as President of the Assembly, at first declined and then was induced to accept. But the attempt on his part was a failure, and mention of M. de Freycinet as an alternative raised a storm in certain quarters. Finally the problem was solved by M. Rouvier's acceptance of the task. His colleagues have all held office in previous Cabinets.

Hon. Mr. Gladstone has recently paid a striking tribute to the moral and intellectual worth of the great Irish Liberator, while his correspondence with Mr. Fitzpatrick has just brought out—forty years after his death—shows the beauty and gentleness of his domestic character, together with the true religious fervour by which he was possessed. O'Connell's place in history is secure, and his character as a statesman and a leader must ever attract admiration. But the man as he was in the circle of his family and before the altar of God attracts not only our admiration, but our sympathy, and is his highest claim to remembrance. The man of war becomes the devoted husband and fond parent; the undaunted assailant of "the Saxon oppressor," the willing slave of the domestic circle, and the humble devotee at the foot of the Cross.

The sudden death at Winnipeg of Mr. C. J. Brydges, so long and favourably known throughout Canada in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway, and for several years the representative in the Northwest of the Hudson's Bay Company, was a shock to hundreds of sincere friends in this city. The close of Mr. Brydges' life was consistent with what its course had been since his arrival in Canada. He was struck with apoplexy while visiting the new hospital in Winnipeg, of which he was practically the founder. He was all his life the most charitable of men, and it was fitting that he should pass away in the exercise of charity. Mr. Brydges was born in England in 1826, came to Canada in 1853, associated with the Great Western and Grand Trunk, retiring from the latter in 1874 and becoming superintendent of Government railways, and in 1878 assuming his late position of Land Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company. A widow and four children survive Mr. Brydges.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The friends of France in Canada (and naturally our old motherland and England's valiant ally of a generation since has many well-wishers in the Dominion, of which she laid the foundation) can hardly look with satisfaction on the present situation in the Republic. Here, as in Europe, opinion is divided as to the real significance of Boulangerism. Its principles and designs are shrouded in mystery, and, even of those who support the movement on the ground of its antagonism to the Opportunist régime, the great majority are consciously in the dark as to its ultimate drift and are siding with the cashiered officer at their own peril. There is not, there cannot be, any genuine sympathy between the Royalists, Bonapartists and the vague multitudes of unclassed voters who hearken to any new cry that promises a redistribution of the spoils. How the Comte de Paris came to advise his followers to vote for the General is an ethical and political problem which we will not attempt to solve. The Duc d'Aumale, true to himself, denounced such a coalition as immoral. The *plébiscite* is a Bonapartist engine, and, apart from any hopes which the contest might involve of a Napoleonic restoration, the experiment had a peculiar interest for the friends of the Second Empire. Looked at in the light of M. Jacques' overwhelming defeat, the blind confidence of the Government must be pronounced extraordinary. The ministerial explanations of the issue were excessively weak, and the policy of expression, which was expressly intended to guard against such a surprise in future, was unworthy of a constitutional, not to say democratic, cabinet.

The expectation that immediate resignation would be the upshot of the Ministry's discomfiture was not fulfilled. It seemed even possible for a time that M. Floquet, having stood his ground in the face of such a shock, would succeed in tiding over the crisis. But the feeling of panic, on which General Boulanger had calculated for the confirmation and completion of his triumph, proved stronger than the Premier's self-control, and, to the astonishment of both friend and foe, he resigned on a question of procedure. Even the Count de Douville Maillefeu, who brought forward the motion for the indefinite postponement of revision, avowed that he had no intention of embarrassing the Cabinet, and expressed surprise that M. Floquet had taken seriously the adverse vote. Of course, M. Boulanger gloried in the Ministry's downfall, and, in the chaos of hesitation and perplexity to which it had reduced the Opportunists, President Carnot first sent for M. Mélina, Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, a man who had won respect for earnestness and honesty. He is chiefly known in connection with the movement (which our own Provincial Government has not disdained to imitate) for giving greater prominence to the agricultural interest in the distribution of honours. To that end he created a special order for the decoration of persons who led the way in agricultural enterprise and reform. After shrinking from the task, M. Mélina was finally induced to accept it, but as he failed to form a Cabinet, M. Carnot appealed to M. Tirard, a man of ability, steadiness and experience, who has already had a short turn at the helm of affairs.

The new Premier has selected his colleagues mainly from the ranks of ex-ministers, and none of them are absolutely lacking in capacity. Never-

theless, the late *bouleversement* in Paris brings out nothing more clearly than that, at the present moment, France shows a woful lack of statesmen of the highest class. M. Carnot, on whom the hopes of the republic reposed, has displayed a lamentable feebleness during the last few weeks. That is the view of even those who would fain speak favourably of a man whom they esteem for qualities that merit respect. The situation is certainly such as to test no ordinary ruler and leader of men. But its complexities are largely due to false pretences which a really clear-sighted and energetic statesman would expose and refute. If the Republic could boast of such a statesman, Boulangerism would have neither existence nor excuse. That it is itself nothing but opportunism in a worse form than that which it would replace is evident from its development and methods, and it is to be regretted that men who profess loyalty to France first of all, as the Comte de Paris has hitherto done and the Duc d'Aumale still does, should degrade themselves by such a combination.

THE PRESS DINNER.

On the occasion of the first annual dinner of the Province of Quebec Press Association at the St. Lawrence Hall, a few evenings since, there was a strong manifestation of national feeling and a unity of sentiment on Canadian national life and progress, from which we augur well for the future relations of the members of the Fourth Estate, and for the exercise by them of a salutary influence upon the large and diversified multitude of readers, whose opinions the Press reflects or moulds. The attendance comprised many leading citizens of Montreal outside the Fourth Estate, who represented the principal branches of commerce and industry as well as the professions. Among them were prominent officials of the two great railway corporations of the country, the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific. One and all testified to the progress which the Dominion had made and to their sanguine anticipations of the future, all being animated by a determination to do their utmost to promote its best and highest interests.

LITERARY NOTES.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.—In sharp, striking contrast to the spirit of later poetry, which is so inevitably tinged, if not permeated with Christian feeling and conviction, is the fatalism which runs through Anglo-Saxon song. Some of the epics actually precede the Christian era in England, as is true of our noblest first English poem, "Beowulf." And even the poets of the later centuries, while nominal Christians, are heathen in warp and woof, and their song has much of the brave, sad fatalism which was typical of the Germanic mythology. The gods are powerful, but back of them broods and hides Wyrd, or Fate, the word surviving in a different spelling in our familiar adjective, weird. It is beautiful, in the later poetry, to see the sweeter, brighter Christian influence strike through this gloomy heathenism, as the sun through storm-clouds, bringing light in place of doubt and darkness, and hope instead of a silent acquiescence in the inevitable.

WORDSWORTH'S NEPHEW, THE LATE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.—He was sufficient unto himself, but this must not be regarded as the conceit of the man so much as his irresistible temperament. Within limits, he was one of the best bishops that England has ever had, but the thoughtfully speculative side of life was a side which he never touched—hardly understood. His great strength lay in his learning, in his humility, in his saintliness. He was a good and true and honest ecclesiastic, and his legacy to the English Church is the fruit alike of his scholarship and of his piety, in defending its doctrines and in illustrating what the piety of its members should be like. There is little stimulating life in the extended biography. There is a great amount of activity, but it is that sort of work which is not in the trend of controlling ideas. It is rather the reiteration of historical positions. Dr. Temple, who is at once a thinker and a scholar, is a far better type of the modern bishop.

BLAKE, THE POET-ARTIST.—In society, Blake would give accounts of romantic appearances which had shown themselves to him. At one of Mr. Aders' parties—at which Flaxman, Lawrence and other leading artists were present—Blake was talking to a little group gathered round

him, within hearing of a lady whose children had just come home from boarding-school for the holidays. "The other evening," said Blake, in his usual, quiet way, "taking a walk, I came to a meadow, and at the farther corner of it I saw a fold of lambs. Coming nearer, the ground blushed with flowers; and the wattled cote and its woolly tenants were of an exquisite pastoral beauty. But I looked again, and it proved to be no living flock, but beautiful sculpture." The lady, thinking this a capital holiday show for her children, eagerly interposed, "I beg pardon, Mr. Blake, but may I ask where you saw this?" "Here, madam," answered Blake, touching her forehead. The reply brings us to the point of view from which Blake himself regarded his visions. It was by no means the mad view those ignorant of the man have fancied. He would candidly confess they were not liberal matters of fact; but phenomena seen by his imagination; realities none the less for that, but transacted within the realm of mind.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ENGLAND.—Francis returned to Assissi with the Papal sanction for what was probably, a draft of his afterwards famous "Rule." He was met by the whole city, who received him with a frenzy of excitement. By this time his enthusiasm had kindled that of eleven other young men, all now aglow with the same Divine fire. A twelfth soon was added—he, moreover, a layman of gentle blood and of knightly rank. All these had surrendered their claims to everything in the shape of property, and had resolved to follow their good leader's example by stripping themselves of all worldly possessions, and suffering the loss of all things. They were beggars—literally barefooted beggars. The love of money was the root of all evil. They would not touch the accursed thing lest they should be defiled—no, not with the tips of their fingers. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Beggars they were, but they were brethren—*Fratres (Fratres)*. We in England have got to call them Friars. Francis was never known in his lifetime as anything higher than Brother Francis, and his community he insisted should be called the community of the lesser brethren—*Fratres Minores*—for none could be or should be less than they. Abbots and Priors, he would have none of them. "He that will be chief among you," he said, in Christ's own words, "let him be your servant." The highest official among the *Minorites* was the Minister, the elect of all, the servant of all, and if not humble enough to serve, not fit to rule.

PERSONAL.

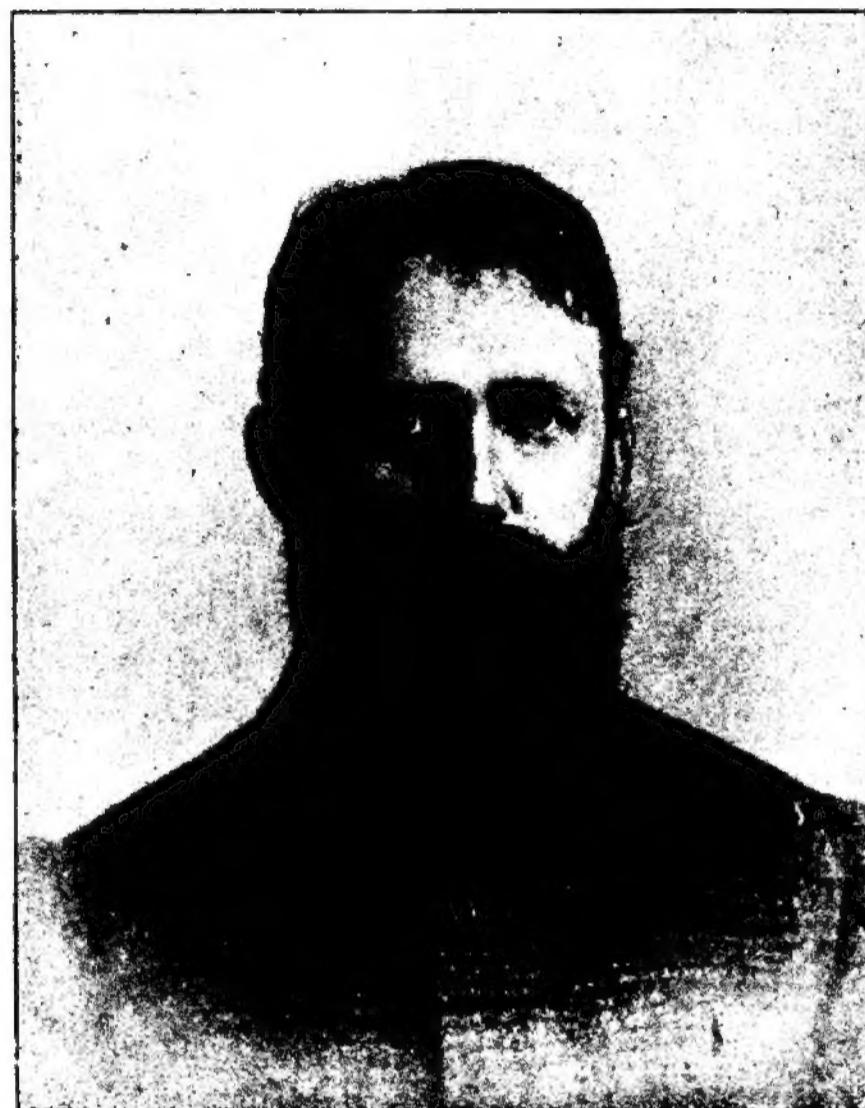
The Right Rev. Dr. Lewis, Bishop of Ontario, was married on the 20th inst., at the British Embassy, Paris, to Miss Ada Leigh, Bishop Williams, of Quebec, officiated. Lady Lytton and her daughters, the Hon. Hector Fabre, C.M.G. and other prominent Canadians were present.

Mrs. Harriet Waters Preston, accompanied by her niece, Miss Dodge, has been spending the winter in Italy, the great libraries of which historic land she has been turning to advantage for her learned and readable articles on ancient Roman biography in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

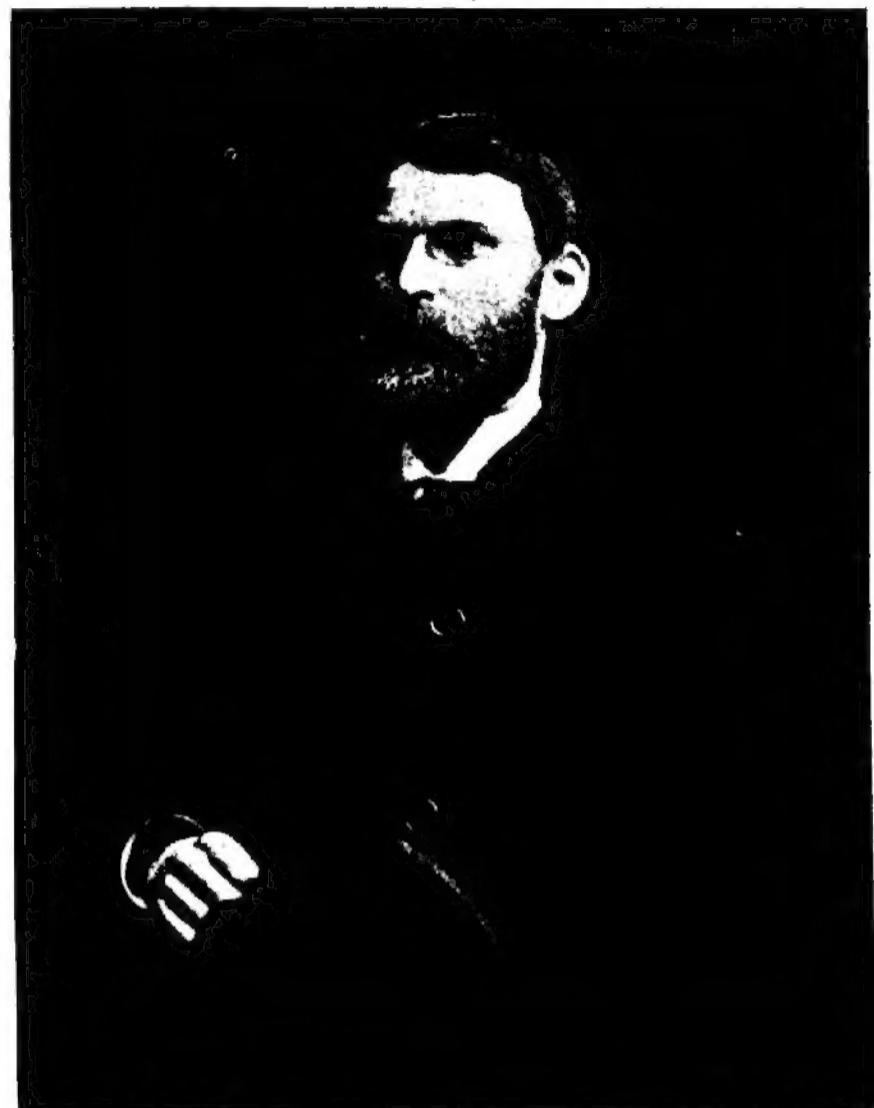
Mr. Henry Downes Miles, who died recently at Walworth, England, had begun his career in London journalism as long ago as 1827. He edited for some portion of its short life, the *Constitution*, which was started in 1833, in opposition to the *London Times*. Subsequently, he was associated with the *Crown*, and was for many years one of the editors of *Bell's Life*. He also gained some note as a novelist and essayist. He was in his 83rd year.

Montreal has lately been honoured by a visit from a grandson of the poet Landor. Mr. Henry Savage Landor was born in Florence, his father being the distinguished virtuoso, Mr. Charles Landor, whose tastes he had inherited in a practical form. He is an artist, and, though only twenty-two years old, has gained a fair share of celebrity by his portraits of the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Princess Mary of Teck, sister of the Duke of Cambridge. Mr. Landor has also painted some prominent Bostonians, including Mr. Houghton, of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. He has travelled extensively, having already passed through a great part of Europe and North Africa, and, after some stay on the Continent, he will push on by the westward route to the far east. In appearance, Mr. Landor is not at all like his poetic grandfather, being in stature, under, rather than over, the average of mankind.

The visit to Montreal of Mr. Douglas Sladen, author of "Australian Lyrics" and other works, ought to give an impulse to Canadian literature. Mr. Sladen, though still a young man, having spent his 33rd birthday in Montreal, has had a somewhat eventful career. Having graduated at Oxford, he turned his thoughts to the new world, not of the west but of the south. Setting out for Melbourne, he accepted the position of Professor of History to the University of that city. At the same time he began to turn to literary account the salient features of Australian life and scenery as they impressed a poetic imagination. The result of his observations and reflections he gave to the world in two volumes: "Australian Lyrics" and a "Poetry of Exiles," which had an extensive sale both in the Colonies and in England. The enterprising London and Newcastle publisher, Walter Scott, engaged Mr. Sladen to write a volume for his series of the Canterbury Poets, which came out under the title of "Australian Ballads." The same publisher issued another volume, "A Century of Australian Song," in his Windsor series. Meanwhile Mr. Sladen was not neglecting the impulse of his own inspiration, among the fruits of which, besides his Australian songs are "Edward, the Black Prince," an epic drama; "In Cornwall and Beyond the Sea," and "The Spanish Armada." For some time he has been visiting this continent, having resided in Boston, New York, Cincinnati and other American cities, and made acquaintance with the chief American writers. He came to Montreal to see the Carnival and to gather hints for Canada's share in an anthology which he is about to publish of "The Younger Poets of America." He will spend the next few months in Washington, whence he will return to Canada for a stay in the "Ancient Capital."



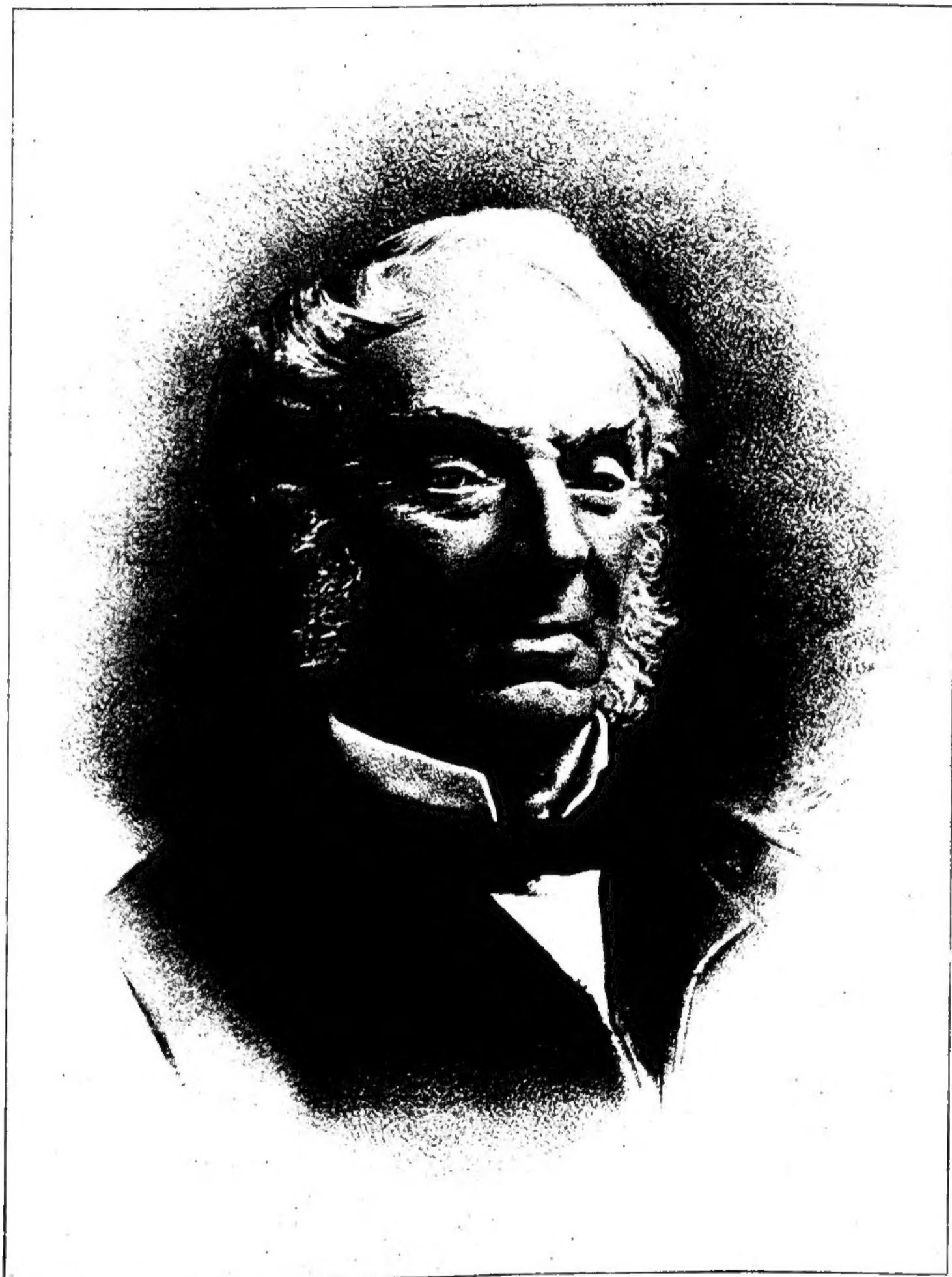
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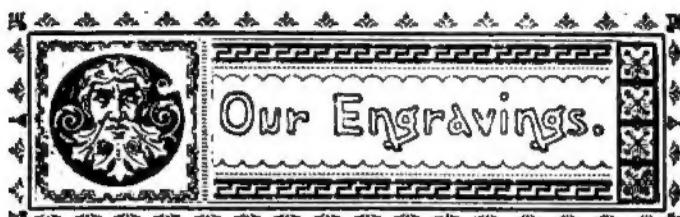


THE ORITANIS IN CAMP.



GUSTAVUS W. WICKSTEED, Q.C., OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Topley



ERASTUS WIMAN.—The life of Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New York, is proof of what a poor boy can do by industry, honesty and perseverance. He was born in a village near Toronto. In the summer he worked in the fields for fifty cents a week; in the winter he picked up a scanty school education. His best education was in a printing office in Toronto, where he obtained employment at the age of fifteen. In due time Mr. Wiman became a member of the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and was made market reporter, in which he achieved signal success. On one occasion his figures on the wheat shipments of Toronto were disputed by the Custom-house people, as he made the business of the city in this direction much larger than the Custom-house would admit, but he proved he was right, and gained such a marked victory that the Toronto Board of Trade presented him with a watch in token of their appreciation. The genius of young Wiman for figures and accounts led to his selection as a clerk in R. G. Dun & Co.'s Mercantile Agency in Toronto, and so well did he conduct himself, that in 1861 he was put in charge of the entire Canadian business, with headquarters at Montreal. He was so successful that in 1865 he was called to the New York office, where his rare business qualities brought him rapidly to the front. He had a salary of \$5,000 a year at that time; today his income is not less than \$100,000 per annum. The Agency had then sixteen offices, while now it has one hundred and thirty well established and thoroughly equipped branches all over the land and in Europe. Mr. Wiman has become virtually the working head of the entire Agency, whose revenues have increased to \$2,500,000 annually. An idea of the extent of the operations of the firm of R. G. Dun & Co., at the present time, may be gathered from the fact that they use daily no fewer than eight hundred type-writing machines. Mr. Wiman has a gift for business, for amicable adjustment of difficulties, and for consolidating hostile interests. For instance, he found two telegraph lines in Canada. There was a need of consolidating them. Mr. Wiman undertook the task, and made reputation and money by his connection with the enterprise. He is a director of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and controls the entire Canadian system, of which he continues to be president. In recent years Mr. Wiman has given much attention to the development of Staten Island, which he terms "the greatest suburb of the greatest city of the greatest country in the world," and has amassed a fortune of several million dollars. He is president of the Staten Island Railway, and controls the ferry which acts in conjunction with it. He won considerable fame by ousting the Vanderbilts from their long-continued control of this their native place, and vigorously set about to improve it and raise its value. He proposes to afford facilities along the western shore of the harbour and the Kill von Kull shore for wharves and warehouses to meet New York's great need of storage and warehouse facilities, and also make the island a trunk line railway terminus. He has just completed the Arthur Kill Bridge, at the cost of half a million, the authorization of which he got from Congress in the teeth of the combined opposition from the State of New Jersey, the Pennsylvania Railroad, and other great forces difficult to combat. Mr. Wiman has inaugurated large amusement enterprises in the island, which are daily and nightly patronized by thousands from the metropolis. This he has done for the purpose of giving his lines of transportation a traffic when not otherwise employed. He is very fertile in resources, and is continually developing new schemes, one of which is an insurance arrangement by which houses are put up for \$1,500 apiece, rented to workingmen for \$300 a year, and surrendered to the widows on the death of the lessees, or deeded to the lessees after a certain number of years. Mr. Wiman is also one of the managers of the scales and other mechanical devices operated by the dropping in of a five-cent piece, and is interested in other enterprises. He is about fifty years old, and his family number two daughters and four sons. He has a fine home at New Brighton, Staten Island. Like most men of large enterprises, Mr. Wiman is careful in his personal habits. He neither drinks nor smokes. He is fond of horses, and has several good roadsters. He works early and late, and does before breakfast in the morning what most people would consider a day's work. In manners he is genial and unpretending, and in commercial skill and financial acumen is unquestionably one of the notable men of the times.

THE CANADIAN (OR ST. JAMES) CLUB of New York has its headquarters at No. 12 East Twenty-ninth street, where it occupies a handsome three-storey house, with basement and mansard and pleasant bay windows. The spacious re-

ception room is the frequent scene of social gatherings, where brilliant lecturers, clever artists, noted travellers, earnest politicians, thoughtful writers, are entertained by the club, whom they in turn entertain; and sometimes variety and grace are added to these assemblies by the presence of ladies. Art exhibitions, musicals, amateur operatic

playing lacrosse or tramping on snowshoes, while one can picture the merry throng, dressed in the picturesque colour of their different clubs, singing :

Clickety-click, our snowshoes say,
And over the hills and far away,
We leave dull care for another day,
And quickly and joyously take our way.

Through the woods, with their mantle deep,
Through the swamps in their winter sleep,
In single file, with cheeks aglow,
We leave our trail in the sparkling snow.

Clickety-click, our snowshoes say.
(From a Snowshoe Song by G. M. Fairchild, Jr.)

The Canadian Club is prosperous. With a membership of 400 the club has paid \$50,000 for the premises it now occupies. Many of its members hold eminent positions in the city. The President, Mr. Erastus Wiman, is one of the best known Canadians in the United States. During the past years he has given a great many addresses in Canada and the United States, in favour of Commercial Union, and the present aspect of the question in Canada is, beyond doubt, due to the energy with which he has advocated his views. His biography appears elsewhere. The Vice-Presidents are Sir Roderick W. Cameron, John Paton, George M. Fairchild, Jr., Thomas W. Griffith and Thomas H. Allen, M.D. Sir Roderick Cameron is known in New York as the senior member of the shipping house of R. W. Cameron & Co., which is well known in the Australian trade. He has a country seat in the Province of Quebec, to which he goes about the season when the trout gayly rise to the fly. John Paton is the senior member of the banking house of John Paton & Co. T. W. Griffiths is well-known in insurance circles, and he derives a large income from his agencies in Newark, N.J. During the winter Mr. Griffiths resides in New York and spends most of the time looking after the interests of the club.

MR. G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR., is a popular wholesale dry goods merchant of Worth street. He is a native of old Quebec, and is the owner of a seigniorial property in the county of Portneuf, which is only a few miles from the place of his birth. He spends a portion of his holidays each year at his old home, and this gives him exceptional opportunities of knowing Canada as it is—the French-Canadian people among whom he so much resides, and the English-speaking Canadians with whom he spends so much of his time when he crosses the border. He is well known as a successful business man, and, although only thirty-four years of age, he has already pushed his fortune well up the ladder. He is as well known and as popular in Worth street as he is in the Canadian Club or in Quebec, and he is equally at home in New York as he would be on the old tie which "Canada, mon pays," has on so many of his sons, and Mr. Fairchild finds time to write the praises of his native land in neatly rounded verse, and he has contributed some strong and descriptive prose on Canadian subjects to the magazines and new-papers. He is President of the Oritani Snowshoe Club, which has its rendezvous at Hackensack, N.J., and he takes a foremost part in all celebrations which are calculated to promote Canadian interests either in the United States or Canada.

There are many men known to fame and possessing fortunes who have become members of the Canadian Club. Among the list, for instance, are the names of Menio's wizard, Thomas A. Edison; W. Lewis Frazer, the artist of the *Century Magazine*; John W. Lovell, the publisher; George Munro, Walter Watson, Bank of Montreal; Frederick Hollingquist, Arnold Schoff, C. J. Reckenberg, Jackson Wallace, Clarence Whitney, A. L. Gates, H. H. Hayes, Alexander Lang, J. W. Scammon, Col. J. W. Britt, A. M. Sturges, J. H. Alexander, Edward Litchfield, and many others. There are, too, a number of distinguished Canadian non-resident members, among whom are Sir John A. Macdonald, the Premier of the Dominion; the Hon. Edward Blake, the leader of the Opposition; James Beatty, Q.C., M.P.; Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Hon. J. E. Chaplin, Secretary of State; Hon. Sir Adolph P. Caron, Minister of Militia; Hon. A. S. Hardy, M.P.P., Ontario; Hon. William P. Howland, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario; Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Premier of Canada; Col. C. S. Gowski, A.D.C. to the Queen; Hon. John Norquay, ex-Premier of Manitoba; Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario; Hon. John Beverley Robinson, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Prof. Goldwin Smith, Raymond Prefontaine, M.P., Sir William B. Richards and Sir Donald A. Smith, M.P. But the club is not exclusive in its privileges. A special clause provides for the admission of 100 members other than British subjects, and it has already succeeded in gathering on its books sufficient members of good standing to guarantee it a useful and pleasant career.

W. ALLAIRE SHORTT, SECRETARY ST. JAMES CLUB, NEW YORK.—Mr. Shortt was one of the founders of the Canadian Club, and its first secretary, a position which he now occupies for the second time. Graduated B.A. from



The Club House.

performances and conversaziones furnish pleasure and instruction to the members and their friends. With the exception of the *Lotos* and the *Century*, no club in New York gives as many entertainments as the Canadian. Around the walls of the reception-room pictures by Canadian artists, Thomas Willing, A.R.C.A., and others, give evidence of Canadian skill with the pencil and the brush. The decorations give a distinctive aspect to the surroundings. In the hall, the head of a moose, that giant of the forest, recalls



The Reception Room.

the mid-winter chase on snowshoes, while the head of a Rocky Mountain goat reminds one of the lofty regions of eternal snow on the border of which the wary animals make their home. Lacrosse sticks, moccasins and snowshoes adorn the walls, while the likeness of the Queen gives a British complexion to the pleasant apartment. Prints of soldiers in British uniform and likenesses of some of Canada's best known statesmen—Lords Lorne, Dufferin and Lansdowne, Sir John A. Macdonald, or "Old To-morrow," as he is playfully called, and the Hon. Edward Blake, are placed in the library and smoking-room. Special interest is taken in making the club ornaments typical of its name. The rooms are adorned with statuary and Canadian youths

Hellmuth College, London, Ont., a year later he took his degree of M.A. from the University of Toronto, with first-class honours in mental and moral science. He studied law in the office of Bethune, Moss, Falconbridge & Hoyle, Toronto, but leaving that city for New York, he was there admitted to the Bar in 1882, and is now a successful practising lawyer. He is connected with the family of Baron Grant de Longueil and Grant Allen, the well known writer. Mr. Shortt is noted at the New York Bar for his scholarly attainments, and among his friends for his skill with the brush.

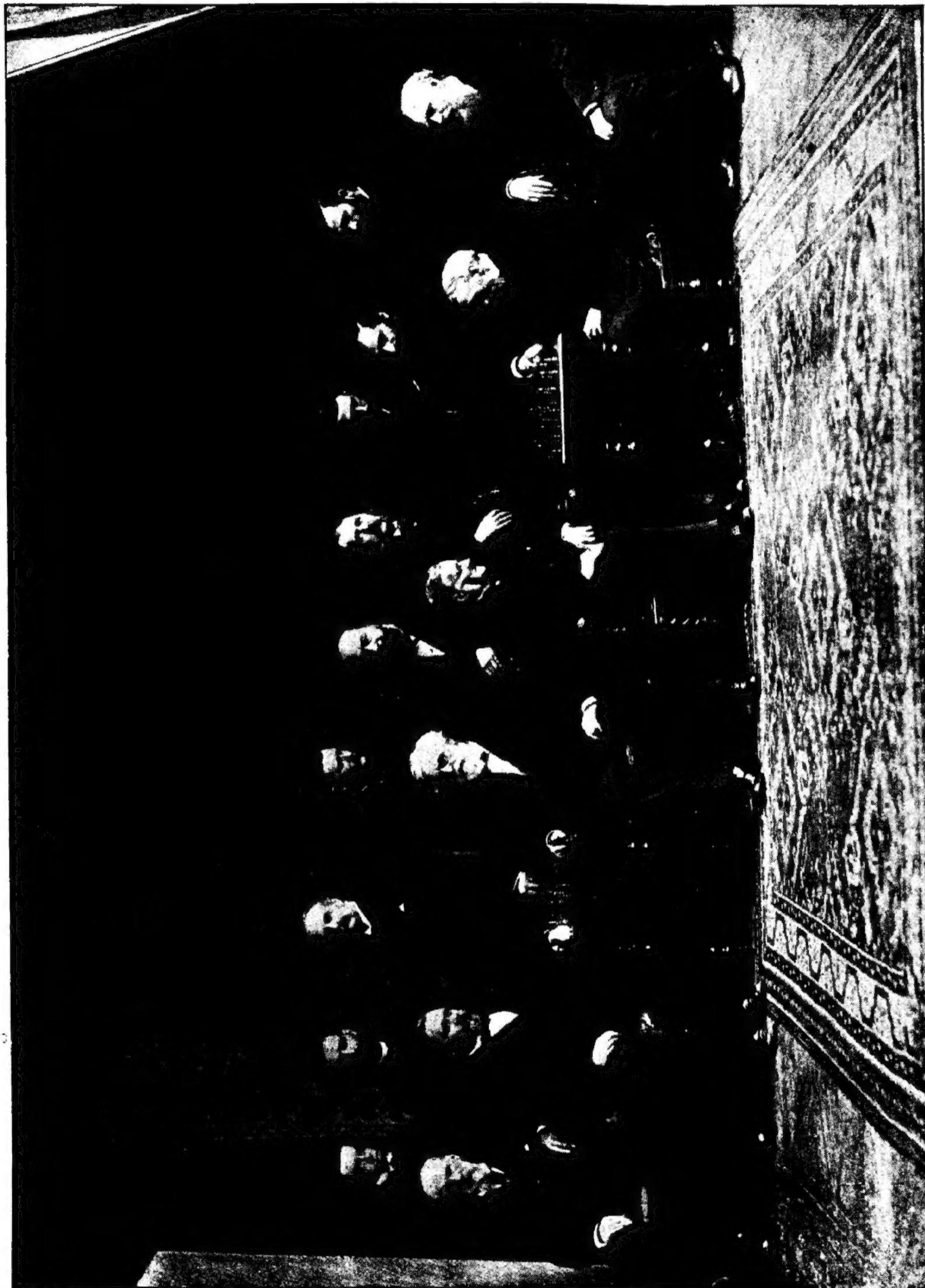
THE ORITANI.—The Oritani Snowshoe Club is the only club of its kind in New York, and consists of about fifty members. Among them are Erastus Wiman, Geo. M. Fairchild, Jr., J. E. Learned, Wakeman Holberton, Dr. Frank Ferguson, William B. Ellison, Dr. Cummings, William P. Ellery, A. H. Schoff, J. Rechenberg, W. A. Linn, F. Holmquist, Phil. Farley, J. E. Stephenson, B. J. Smith, R. B. Lawrence, J. McAdams, J. U. Gregory, William J. Cassard, William A. Shortt, Wm. Webb, Wm. E. Burt, James Fraser, and E. E. Williams. The members are all enthusiastic in their sport, and take advantage of any snow-fall to have a tramp. The headquarters of the club are at the Canadian Club, No. 12 East Twenty-ninth street. The uniform of the Oritani Club consists of a blue-bordered gray blanket coat and knickerbockers, blue tuque, red sash, and bright yellow moccasins. Our illustration shows the Oritani Club enjoying a cup of hot tea at their camp in the woods of Jersey, after a friendly snowfall. The reception given in New York to a large visiting party of Canadian snowshoers by Mr. Fairchild and the Oritani Club, two years ago, is so graphically told by the *New York World* of January 7, 1887, that we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers:

"Soon after sunrise yesterday President Geo. M. Fairchild, Jr., of the Oritani Snowshoe Club, and Mr. Arnold J. Gates, of the Canadian Club, hurried into the Grand Central Depot and began the pleasing duty of waiting for the Montreal express train. A hundred or more French-Canadian gentlemen who live in this town happened along and began to help them wait. What they were all watching for was the appearance of three hundred and fifty Canadian snowshoers, who were pottering along somewhere on the Vermont Central Railroad. They should have arrived at 7 o'clock, but they tarried at Troy and indulged in the mysterious ceremony of "blowing off" a score of brother snowshoers; so it was after 9 o'clock when their train pulled into the Grand Central. By that time there were some three hundred men waiting to welcome the sons of the North. As the long string of cars came rolling in, burly men, wrapped in blanket suits, began popping out on the platform like gigantic peas from a gigantic pod. There was much handshaking and a few bear-like hugs here and there by French-Canadians, who hailed friends they had not seen for years. President Fairchild walked out on Forty-second street and assembled with himself in front of the station. He looked about seven feet high in his shaggy blanket suit of blue, with slashes of gray and red here and there to set it off. Right behind him came L. N. Moreau, the giant standard-bearer of the Club Raquette le Canadien, which, by the way, in plain English, is the Canadian Snowshoe Club. The banner is a broad tri-colour, with the club's monogram in the white centre bar. Around it, in gold letters, is the club motto, "Soyons distingués et soyons unis," which everybody knows is only another way of saying, "Let's be distinguished and united!" One hundred and seventy-five men fell in behind standard-bearer Moreau, but between them and him was a wall of solid harmony in red and brass. It is commonly known as the City Band of Montreal, and anyone who hears them quickly pronounces them the best set of musicians north of the United States. They belong in the C.B.L.C., and cover it with melodious glory. The readers of the *World* have been learning from day to day that a few hundred Canadians were coming here to be entertained, but nobody knew just who they were. Here is the list of the clubs: Montreal—Montreal, St. George, Emerald, Le Trappeur, Argyle, Crescent, Gordon, St. Charles, Garrison Artillery, Prince of Wales, Royal Scots, Hawthorne, Royal, Holly, Lachine, Lilac, Etoile, Le Chasseur, Le Canadien of St. Henri, and Lansdowne, Toboggan clubs. Quebec—Quebec, Aurora, Waverly, Emerald, Le Canadien, Levis, Voltigeurs, Union Commerciale, Montagnais, Huron, Jacques Cartier, Frontenac. And the clubs Le Canadien, of Sorel; Iroquois, of Troy, N.Y.; Le Trappeur and Le Canadien, of St. Hyacinthe; Le Canadien and Frontenac, of Ottawa; St. Jean Baptiste and St. Maurice, of Three Rivers; also of Valleyfield, Beauharnois, L'Assomption and Sherbrooke. The mass of colour displayed in the ranks of the snowshoe men as they drew up in double file behind the band would have joyed the heart of an impressionist painter. The men of Le Canadien Club wore suits of white wool. The cuffs were striped with broad bands of red and blue, and the long, conical caps were of white, tipped and tasseled with red. Their stockings were blue. The Emerald men wore drab, prettily edged and slashed with green, and the Montagnais men fairly blazed in blue and scarlet. Two young men, in black suits, smote everybody's eyes with the glaring yellow linings of the cowls that flapped on their shoulders. White prevailed everywhere among the uniforms, and next to it in popularity came red, blue and gray in the order named. Drum-Major La Chapelle waved his silver-headed baton of ebony, and away went the athletes to Fifth Avenue, down which they marched to Madison Square, then into Broadway and to the Metropolitan Hotel. In the front ranks of Le Canadien Club were Alex. Raby, the

champion long-distance snowshoer, with thirty-two gold and silver medals on his broad chest, and Olier St. Denis, the champion snowshoe sprinter, who had only twenty-seven medals on. When all the athletes marched into the Metropolitan Hotel they found a breakfast waiting for them that soon knocked the edge off the appetites they had picked up during their long travel. After finishing that they formed in double file on Broadway and marched down to Chambers street. There they swung around into Centre street, and so into the park, where they halted in front of the City Hall. Mayor Hewit was laid up in bed with rheumatism, so he was not on hand to welcome the visitors, but President Beekman, of the Board of Aldermen, met them on the plaza, with the city's banner at his right hand. Mr. Erastus Wiman climbed beside him and said: "Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing the Mayor of New York. Three cheers for him." The Canadians swelled out their blanketed breasts, swung their caps, and shouted three hurrahs and a tiger-r-r! Then Mr. Beekman welcomed the burly men to our pleasant little town, and apologized for the small amount of snow we had to offer. Then Acting Mayor Prefontaine, of Montreal, thanked Mr. Beekman for the warm reception the clubs had met everywhere. "In the name of the Board of Aldermen of Montreal," he added, "I would be glad to receive any representatives of this city who shall come to our city, and make their visit a pleasant one." They had their pictures taken, and then the line formed again and, with the band doing its prettiest in the van, bore down the slushy channel of Broadway for the Stock Exchange. There the big fellows climbed up into the gallery and looked down upon the bulls and bears in all their glory. A yell that could be heard for miles greeted them when the blue and red and white tuques showed over the rail. The brokers sent up a committee, who escorted these gentlemen to the floor of the Exchange. The clubs had a jollier time at the Produce Exchange. Mr. Wiman made a speech that was almost inaudible, owing to the tumult of bidding and offering at the pit. Eight muscular snowshoers grabbed Mr. Wiman when he stopped speaking and "bounced" him. This playful way the snowshoers have of signifying their appreciation of a worthy man consists in tossing him bodily five or six times from their extended arms and hands above their heads. One of the brokers, who made a great deal of noise, was seized and "bounced" vigorously, to the great merriment of his friends. Ald. Prefontaine, Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Ellery came in for a "bounce" before the snowshoers left the Exchange. Then the merry men marched down to the Cotton Exchange, where the brokers yelled and shouted more cheers than would blow an ice-yacht a mile. Now, any ordinary body of men would be tired after all this fun and sight-seeing. But Canadian snowshoers are made of sterner stuff. They climbed up into the Hanover Square Station of the L road and filled a Third avenue train. Pretty girls ran to the windows as the carloads of meteoric costumes, with brawny youths inside of them, flashed by. At Seventy-sixth street the boys climbed downstairs and marched over to the French-Canadian church, near Lexington Avenue. There they found a houseful of fellow-countrymen waiting for them in the lecture-room. The Rev. Father Frederic F. Tetreau made a rousing speech of welcome, and at its close pointed with pride to eighteen little fellows in bright costume, who trotted to the front of the stage and sang a song of welcome in French. They wore badges inscribed "Bienvenue" across their little breasts and welcome shone in every feature of their young faces. Here everybody made a speech, either of welcome or of thanks, and next to Father Tetreau's, that of President Fairchild, of the Oritani, was the best liked. After moistening their songful throats with a few score quarts of champagne, the Canadians marched over to Central Park. They didn't find much snow there, but they did meet the biggest crowd that had greeted them yet as they entered by the Seventy-second street gate and tramped toward the Mall, with the band playing inspiring music at their head. The Park looked like fairyland. The snow was softly draped on the black and twisted branches of the trees and lay in broad and unbroken stretches on the gentle sloping lawns. As the files of gayly clad men swung across the fields of purest white, the beauty of their costumes showed at its best. Then the New Yorkers could see what an altogether delightful thing a snowshoer's suit is. Slowly the athletes filed across the Mall and broke ranks under the spreading branches of the leafless elms. For a minute there was quiet, as half a hundred of them tied the buckskin thongs of their snowshoes. Then there was a blast of a cornet, and away they rushed in a quarter of a mile race on the lawn. The snow was scant and powdery, but the experts flew over it swiftly. Back to the starting point they came, with red-cheeked, black-eyed Alex. Raby in the van, his gold and silver medals glittering with every turn of his brawny body. He finished first, with the rest at his heels, and the crowd cheered wildly. It was a sight to make any one's pulse go faster. A hundred sleighs drew up on the road near-by and their owners watched the sport. They made a dark, rich background for the masses of gleaming colour among the trees. The snow was too light, though, for much work, and after a little while the ranks re-formed and the visitors marched off to Fifty-ninth street, where they took the L road down to the Metropolitan Hotel for dinner. After dinner the snowshoers were heartily welcomed by a crowd that fairly packed Steinway Hall, where a reception in their honour was held. At eleven o'clock the snowshoers marched down Broadway to the Metropolitan Hotel, where a supper was given in their honour by the Oritani Snowshoe Club."

The Oritani Club sent a delegation to our recent Winter Carnival, and we trust that the memory of the reception our snowshoers met with in New York will have secured "a good time" to the visitors.

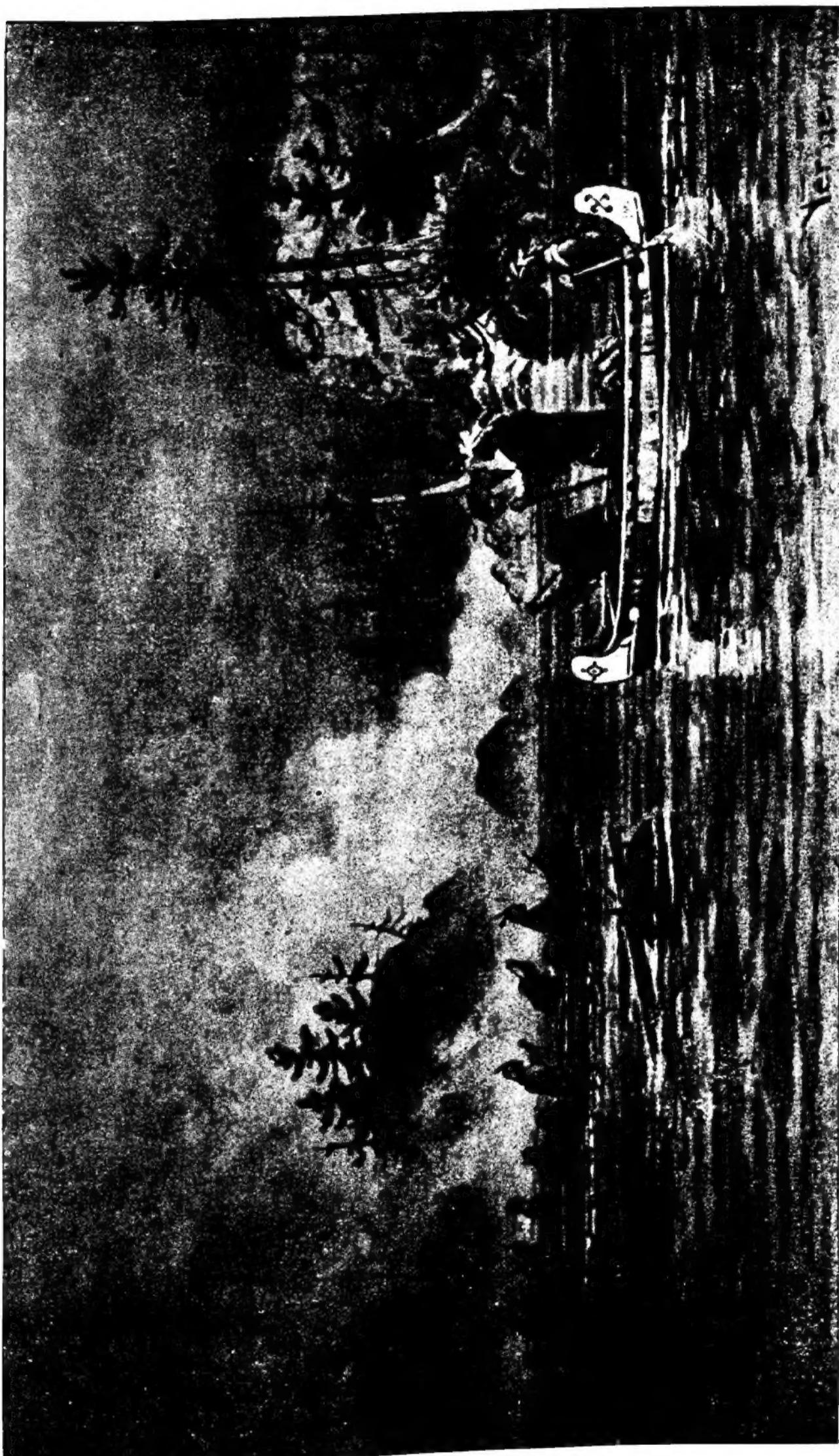
MR. G. W. WICKSTEED, Q.C.—We consider it a privilege to be able to present our readers in the present number of the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* with what we believe his friends will deem an excellent likeness of Mr. Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Q.C., Law Clerk of the House of Commons of the Dominion. Mr. Wicksteed has had a remarkable career. He is one of the few remaining public men of Canada who began their existence in the 18th century. From a brief autobiographic sketch appended to his interesting volume, "Waifs of Verse," we learn that he was born in Liverpool in December, 1799. As his name indicates he is a member of a distinguished Cheshire and Shropshire family. By the mother's side he could claim an ancestral connection with Lancashire, his maternal grandfather, Mr. Tatlock, being of a stock well known in that county. But, though English by birth and proud of his origin, Mr. Wicksteed has passed the years of his manhood almost entirely in Canada, and few, indeed, of the Canadian subjects of our gracious Queen are more loyal than he to the land of his adoption. He came to this country in 1821, at the invitation of his uncle, Mr. Fletcher, who was soon afterwards appointed judge of the constituted district of St. Francis, a position which he held until his death, in 1844. Though he had studied mechanical engineering in England, Mr. Wicksteed was induced to turn his attention to the law. After his arrival he had been introduced to the Gugy family by the late Mr. Andrew Stuart, and in 1825 he began his legal studies in Colonel Gugy's office. In 1828 he was nominated Assistant Law Clerk, under Mr. Willan (who was Colonel Gugy's brother-in-law), to the Legislative Assembly of this province. When subsequently Mr. Willan was made Clerk of the Crown and Peace, the place which he vacated was filled by Mr. William Green, who, in turn (on his death from cholera in 1832), was succeeded by the Hon. Hugues Heney. That gentleman being removed on his acceptance of office in the Executive Council, Mr. Etienne Parent was selected in his stead. He never acted, however, the constitution being soon after suspended and a special council being organized for Lower Canada. Into that body Mr. Wicksteed was admitted as one of the officials in the Department of the Attorney-General, the Hon. Mr. Ogden. After the union Mr. Wicksteed entered on a fresh stage in his career in the public service. He was, on the motion of the Hon. John Nelson, appointed (in 1841) Law Clerk and Chief Translator to the Legislative Assembly of the United Provinces—a position which he retained until and after the establishment of the Federal regime in 1867. It was not, indeed, until nearly twenty years later—January, 1887—that Mr. Wicksteed felt it due to his years to apply for leave to accept the well-earned rest of superannuation. He had then been for upwards of fifty-eight years in the service of the Legislatures of Lower Canada, the Union and the Dominion (besides serving in the special council of Lord Durham), as Law Clerk and English Translator, and had for half a century been chief of his bureau. On him it depended that "many thousands of bills should be examined, printed, corrected, noted, translated, and put through all their stages, each in its lawful order and turn; and a very considerable portion of them had to be drafted or amended." Such is the barest outline of one of the most extraordinary records in the annals of our Civil Service. But Mr. Wicksteed's duties and responsibilities were not confined to the position which he so long and so creditably filled. In 1841 he was, with the Hon. Mr. Heney and W. A. Buchanan, a commissioner for revising the statutes and ordinances of Lower Canada, Mr. J. G. (now the Hon. Judge) Johnson being secretary to the commission. In 1856, again, he was engaged, with ex-Chief Justice Sir J. B. Macaulay, and five other gentlemen of Upper Canada, and Messrs. (afterwards Judges), A. Polette, R. Mackay, A. Stuart and T. J. J. Loranger, and Mr. Geo. de Boucherville (now clerk of the Legislative Council of Quebec), representing Lower Canada, to "examine, revise, consolidate and classify," the statutes of Canada. The incorporation of the statutes of the session with the work of the commissioners fell to Sir James Macaulay, for Upper Canada; the task, as far as Lower Canada was concerned, was discharged by Mr. Wicksteed, while Sir James and Mr. Wicksteed jointly undertook the work for both the United Provinces. Once more, in 1864-5, Mr. Wicksteed was one of a commission, which also comprised ex-Chancellor Blake and Mr. Justice Day, for fixing the remuneration to railway companies for the carriage of mails. The commissions for building the Parliament House at Quebec and other important public works in this province also included Mr. Wicksteed. In 1854 Lord Elgin marked his sense of Mr. Wicksteed's professional merit by making him a Queen's Counsel. A letter which we had the honour of receiving from Mr. Wicksteed some weeks ago bears witness to the intellectual vigour which has marked his long devotion to official and professional business. But it is still more noteworthy for the indications which it furnishes of a nonagenarian poet. This is a phase of his many-sided capacity which has for us a peculiar interest. To the skill and force of his pen Mr. Wicksteed owes some of his most salient triumphs even in his official department. Scholarly, a lover of knowledge, a master in French as well as in English, he found his natural gifts and the acquirements gained by diligent study of constant use in the discharge of his difficult and delicate duties. Many a bill of the old Assembly owed its clearness and finish to his revision. The translation into English of the memorable ninety-two resolutions



J. P. COOKE. J. W. SHAW. G. W. LIDDELL.
M. ST. JOHN. H. A. HOWE, LL.D. J. E. NARRAWAY,
R. SHORT. J. G. ASCHER. PROF. HICKS.
T. TAYLOR. J. A. ROBERTSON. R. B. MUTHISON.
J. NOLAN. J. MENDERSON.

THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

From a photograph by Notman.



OJIBWAYS ON THE NEPIGON.

From a drawing by Verner.

was his work. The first Registration and Municipal bill for Lower Canada was prepared by him. The first Board of Works bill was also of his composition. Under the Hon. Mr. Draper's instructions he drafted the first Municipal bill for Upper Canada; under Sir L. H. Lafontaine's direction, he prepared the first Post Office bill; under Sir Francis Hinck's administration the first Currency bill was from his hand. And these are only a few out of many measures which he put into shape, under succeeding ministries, between 1841 and 1867. Under the present regime the task of drafting, consolidating, revising, amending, was continued. Whatever party was in power, Mr. Wicksteed had its confidence; his counsel was ever welcome; his aid was ever sought. From all he received courtesy and consideration and to all alike he gave the benefit of his information and experience. But it was not on parliamentary and legal documents alone that Mr. Wicksteed expended his literary skill. From early manhood he has been a devotee of the Muses. A generation before the "Young Canada" that now, somewhat noisily at times, seeks recognition for the products of its thought and fancy, had begun to make its voice heard. Mr. Wicksteed was known in all the Capitals of our years of itineracy as one who handled the pen of a ready writer, both in prose and verse. In 1872, more than fifty years after his advent to Canada, he gratified a host of friends by consenting to gather together his "Waifs in Verse" (as he modestly terms them in his title-page), between the covers of a presentable little book. This volume, reprinted, in 1887, by Messrs. A. Bureau et Frères, Ottawa, is rich in memories that take a wide sweep and touch many chords. From the author's "Apology" and "Notes" we have culled most of the facts which we have been laying before our readers. To the poems we hope to refer at some length on another occasion. For the present, enough to say that they treat of many themes and cover a period of nearly sixty years. We are borne back, on the wings of imagination, to the days of unrest that preceded Lord Gosford's fruitless commission. Quebec was then as gay as Charlevoix found it, and Mr. Wicksteed has many graceful allusions to the fair ones whose supremacy no party conflicts endangered. Mr. Wicksteed was contributing poetry to the Quebec journals before William IV. ascended the throne; his hand had not lost its cunning nor had his poetic fire burned out when Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee. Reading between the lines we can almost imagine that Mr. Wicksteed was meant to be our Charles Greville, and that these "Waifs" are but the harbingers of a thronging fleet of reminiscences of a past, troubled with sounds of conflict, but with voices of promise breaking through for those who had ears to hear. Like another memorialist, Sir Henry Taylor, he has had, all his life, the faculty of song, and his song was ever hopeful. Nor have his hopes been deceived. He has lived to see a few scattered provinces become a great nation. His career in Canada covers more than half the period since its cession to England. How rich and varied must be the store of recollections treasured up in those nearly three score years and ten! For as much of that store as he has chosen to give us in these "Waifs"—dedicated affectionately to wife and children and friends—we are cordially grateful. Mr. Wicksteed has been twice married—first to the second daughter of John Gray, first President of the Bank of Montreal; and secondly to the eldest daughter of Captain John Fletcher, of H.M. 72nd Regiment, formerly an officer of H.M. Imperial Customs at Quebec.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.—Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General; Honorary President, T. Le-Droit, Quebec; President, H. Aspinwall Howe, Esq., LL.D., Montreal; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. H. Hicks, Montreal; J. B. Halkett, Ottawa; C. P. Champion, Quebec; Managing Committee, Messrs. D. E. Grant, H. Levers, Quebec; George Barry, Montreal; W. Morgan, J. B. Hurlbert, LL.D., Ottawa; E. B. Greenshields, J. P. Cooke, B.C.L., J. W. Shaw, Montreal; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Henderson, Montreal. The sixteenth annual meeting and tournament took place, under the above patronage and staff of officers, in the city of Montreal, on the 14th January. Nine competitors having entered the lists of the tournament, after a close and spirited contest, the prizes were awarded as follows: First, Mr. R. P. Fleming, Montreal; second, Mr. J. E. Narraway, Ottawa; third, Mr. J. P. Cooke, Montreal; fourth, Mr. A. T. Davison, Toronto; fifth, Mr. George Barry, Montreal. The association was organized in the city of Hamilton on the 24th September, 1872, its first president being Professor J. B. Cherriman, of University College, Toronto, and Secretary-Treasurer, I. Ryall, M.B., Montreal.

OJIBWAYS ON THE NEPIGON.—Here is reproduced one of Verner's home sketches, which well presents the rugged scenery of some of our Western country and its sparse growth of forest, such as alone can flourish under the most unpromising conditions. The Ojibway Indians, in their canoes, as they skim over the face of the River, give to the scene both life and variation. The lights and the shadows are well taken, and altogether the picture is a most effective one.

STUDY IN HOAR-FROST.—"Exquisitely beautiful" cannot fail to be the opinion expressed at the "Study of Brush in Hoar-frost." The tracery is so delicate that one might almost believe it to be the representation of an intricate piece of needlework. But it is "Nature unadorned," which is the most adorned when she appears in her pristine simplicity, clothed only in her vestments of foliage, or having drawn around her her mantle of frost-work, in which are displayed rarer designs and more precise workmanship than it were possible for human ingenuity to con-

ceive, or mortal skill to execute. Could anything be more lovely or could anything more effectively lead one from Nature up to Nature's God?

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.—In point of architectural beauty, commodiousness and situation, compare favourably with those of any nation in the world. The erection of these buildings was begun in 1860, and in September of that year His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales laid the corner stone with great solemnity and pomp. It was not until 1866 that they were ready for occupation. The style of architecture is Gothic, of the 12th and 13th centuries, with modifications to suit the climate of Canada. The ornamental work and window dressings are of Ohio sand-stone. The plain surface is faced with a cream coloured sandstone of the Potsdam formation obtained from Nepean, a few miles from Ottawa. The spandrels of the arches and the spaces between window arches and the sills of the upper windows are filled up with a quaint description of stone work, composed of stones of irregular size, shape and colour very neatly set together. These, with the Potsdam red sandstone employed in forming the arches over the windows, afford a pleasant variety of colour and effect, and contrast with the general masses of light coloured sandstone, of which the body of the structure is formed. The building, seen from Wellington street (as in our illustration) presents a very imposing appearance. The central of the seven towers, which is very rich in design, projects its width from the front of the building; its elevation is about 180 feet. The body of the building in front is 40 feet high, above which rise the sloping roofs of slate surmounted by lines of ornamental iron work. The building is 472 feet long, and the depth from the front of the main tower to the rear of the Library is 570 feet, covering an area of 82,886 superficial feet. It stands at a distance of 600 feet from Wellington street, the square bounded on either side by the departmental buildings, and front and rear by the Parliament buildings and Wellington street, measuring 600 feet from north to south and 700 feet from east to west.

DOMINION NEWS.

The proposal for a summer carnival in Halifax is being heartily endorsed.

The report of the Directors of the Canada Central Exhibition showed a balance on hand of \$267.

Sir Charles Tupper has been elected a Director of the Bank of British Columbia to replace the late Sir John Rose.

Montreal coal merchants urge the Government to increase the duty on American bituminous coal. They claim that the American product, thanks to cheap transportation rates, is affecting the sale of the Canadian article.

Intelligence has been received of Australia's refusal to send trade delegates to Ottawa in response to the invitation of the Canadian Government, for the promotion of closer trade relations. All the colonies suggest that the conference be held in Sydney, N.S.W.

There are at Capleton, P.Q., within a few miles of Sherbrooke, deposits of copper pyrites, which, next to those of the celebrated Rio Tinto mines of Spain, are the largest in the world. The ore carries about 3 per cent. of copper, and between 40 and 50 per cent. of sulphur.

The number of Chinese immigrants reported last year as arriving in the Dominion, was 2,900, who paid the statutory poll tax imposed of \$50 each, making the income to the Treasury from that source, \$14,500, with a registration fee of 50 cents each, and 868 certificates to leave the country at \$1 each.

Canadian fruit men are moving in the matter of protection of their industry. They ask that the duty on fruit be restored. Last year the Americans sent in fruit to the value of \$831,399, on which, under the tariff heretofore in force, \$219,639 of duty would have been collected. This was nearly twice as large an importation as that of the previous year. On the other hand, Canadian exportations of fruit amounted to \$1,486,022, of which sum all but \$130,000 was for apples. These apples were chiefly sent by the Maritime Provinces and in pursuance of an established trade.

The London *Times*, referring to the debate in the Canadian Parliament on Canada's right to negotiate commercial treaties, says: There is no occasion for Canadians to begin to calculate the profit and loss of their connection with England. The real cause of their troubles is not indifference to Canadian interests on the part of England. The cause will be found in well-known exigencies of the Presidential election of the United States. We shall not anticipate what the Harrison Cabinet will do, but we may fairly hope that the question of immediate interest to Canada will be considered without prejudice, and with mutual good-will.

The report of the Indian Department refers to the proposed establishment of four industrial schools in British Columbia. Twelve day schools and semi-boarding schools were conducted last year. The estimated value of the animal products of the sea and forest, in the procuring whereof the services of the Indians were called into requisition, amounted to \$1,250,000. The expenditure on Indians last year in the Dominion reached \$956,000. Three-quarters of this was expended in the North-west, the figures for British Columbia being \$66,830. The Indian population in the Dominion is 123,000, of which British Columbia possesses 37,000. This is more than any other province.

The Lady in Muslin.

XII.

SOME ONE IN THE BOUNDARY STREAM.

That day I had the largest dose of ennui that I think it has ever been my ill-luck to be forced to swallow.

The rain came down in one continuous sullen pour; so there being no possibility of venting the feverish, uncomfortable kind of excitement induced by Miss Owenson's early "quiet talk" in out-door exercise, I had no resource but literature, smoke, or Gaunt—all three of which were particularly distasteful to me in my present humour.

My thoughts, too, were disagreeable, when I remembered the interview of the morning. The very interest which it awakened in me for Margaret Owenson was aggravated and embittered by the very unflattering frankness with which she had treated me. When I thought of the previous evening, it only confirmed me in my jealousy of Gaunt. More than once I made up my mind to carry out what had certainly been a very impromptu announcement to Miss Owenson, viz., a speedy departure for London.

With a bitter kind of satisfaction, I mused upon the hardworking but serene life I led in my quiet rooms, among my books and writings, content to know of love through the love-making of my friend, and able to regard with philosophical indifference all the occasional worries and annoyances it entailed.

After each ten minutes of such meditations, I had it on the tip of my tongue to repeat to my unsuspecting friend those sarcastic words I had uttered to Miss Owenson; but somehow the desire each time faded as soon as it arose.

I roused myself and looked at Gaunt.

Dick was sitting in front of the window, which, in spite of the rain and chilly air, he insisted on having open; his legs elevated to a level with his body by resting his feet on the sill of the window, his head leaning on a cushion placed at the back of his chair—little clouds of blue smoke issuing from his mouth, which, as they cleared off, allowed his face to be seen, exhibiting a countenance with the eyes complacently regarding the opposite cottage, which was serenity itself.

As I regarded him, the words I had intended to utter vanished into thin air (figuratively speaking, of course), and my thoughts galloping forward, drew scenes of the most (to me) desolating description. I felt that in taking leave of my friend in his present mood, I took leave also of all our pleasant bachelor friendship—our agreeable evenings and little dinners, our summer jaunts, our one thousand and one enjoyments; while in their stead came a tall, fascinating Mrs. Gaunt, family dinners, christenings, children's parties, etc., etc.

Poor Dick! No; under such circumstances I could not, I ought not to leave him!

I was rather relieved in my apprehensions to find he sat there very quietly the whole afternoon, making no movement towards visiting the cottage; and after dinner—which, I noticed, he discussed with an appetite supposed to be incompatible with the *grande passion*—he took his wine and dessert very composedly—indeed more so than usual—and on my execrating wet weather in the country, merely observed, "Certainly, the evenings were deucedly long." His humour puzzled me, too. I argued, only a man in love, at Dick's age, and with his disposition, could manage to exist three weeks, as he had done, in a wretched place like Hazledean. Of course I knew that Cecile had something to do with his sudden passion for rural retirement. Still the serene and even contented manner in which he bore it, could only be accounted for by the hypothesis that he was somehow pleasantly occupied, i.e., in love-making; but such being the case, it seemed to me very odd that he could consent to pass a wearisome wet day alone, when merely a wet garden separated him from the agreeable society of the object of his supposed affections.

Even supposing that the little scene of the portrait had left a lingering sulkiness, he would not

have been in that serene temper. I knew Dick well; his countenance would not have worn that complacent expression, as he sat all the afternoon *vis-à-vis* the cottage.

In our flashes of conversation during the day, he had made no apparent effort to avoid mentioning either Miss Owenson or her conduct the preceding evening; neither had he alluded to them with the warmth and interest a man in the position of lover ought, and generally does. I was puzzled.

Could Margaret Owenson have been having a "quiet talk" with him, and induced him to promise silence in my regard, as she had with myself? I had just asked this question of myself, and was trying to find an answer in the composed, pleasant manner in which Dick was regarding the colour of his wine, as he held up his glass to catch the faint, watery rays of the setting sun, which, with a strange perversity, was just beginning to pierce the rain-clouds, as the day was done, when we were both startled by hearing, down in the garden, a faint cry, followed by a loud, piercing shriek. Both of us jumped up, and cast an anxious glance round the room. Cecile had been reading in a chair, ten minutes ago:—she was gone.

"Where is she?" Gaunt exclaimed, in a startled tone. "Mark! was that her voice?"

"Come!" I exclaimed rushing out, a horrid idea seizing me. "The stream, Dick," I cried, "the boundary stream!"

We were on the verandah, leaping over it into the garden, and rushing down to the banks in less than a minute. There—there the water was rushing brown and bubbling, higher by two or three feet than yesterday, when I had refused to cross the bridge, and there, on the wet, soaked planks, lay a hat—Cecile's hat.

"Down the stream, Mark, down!" Dick roared, as I, swifter of foot than he, reached the bridge.

How I ran! how I tore! The water did not go more swiftly, for, ahead of me, only a couple of yards or so, but still just out of my reach, and seeming ever to elude me, like a phantom in a dreadful dream, I caught sight of something—something white. It was borne swiftly along—so swiftly that the struggles that agitated it faintly, when I first caught sight of it, soon ceased; and it must inevitably have been whirled along under those thick-tangled bushes into the recesses in the wood, had not a friendly briar struck far out into the water, catching in the child's frock, for two seconds checked her course.

These two seconds were enough. I was in the water a yard lower down then, with all my strength striving to stem the current; and as the slender impediment gave way, and the water once more rushed along with its light burden, I managed, with a great effort, to catch the dress, and in another moment I had landed little Cecile, white and utterly motionless, on the bank.

Exhausted, alarmed as I was, I could not help, even in the excitement of the moment, looking up curiously in Gaunt's face, as he came hurrying up, and found the child out of the water, but apparently inanimate.

He was very white, and an expression of utter horror rather than sorrow made his face quite painful to look at. He bent over the senseless little figure, exclaiming, "Oh, Mark, Mark!" in a tone that seemed overwhelmed with regret, but at the same time so strange that the idea of his being Cecile's father was banished for ever from my mind.

"Don't waste time," I said. "Carry her to the house, and send for the doctor. Quick! I have hurt my arm and can't help you."

Gaunt, with still that horrified look on his face, bent down and lifted the poor child in his arms, fixing his eyes on her, meanwhile, with a look that I shall not easily forget.

"Hurry on," he said, suddenly resuming his usual energy. "There is life, Mark! She is only insensible. Hurry on, for God's sake."

Hurry I did. That scream had frightened others as well as ourselves, and I met all the inhabitants of the inn rushing about in all directions along the banks of that guilty-looking stream.

(To be continued.)



We welcome the appearance, from a French-Canadian author and publisher, of a learned and well-written work on Parliamentary Law, with special reference to the Dominion and the Provinces. The volume, which is entitled "Manuel de Droit Parlementaire ou Cours Élémentaire du Droit Constitutionnel," and is dedicated to the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, is from the pen of Mr. P. B. Mignault, advocate, of this city, and is published, with characteristic care and taste, by Mr. A. Périard, also of Montreal. In the Preface, Mr. Mignault modestly sets forth the scope of his study, showing that it was necessitated by the almost absolute lack of writings treating of the subject, in connection especially with the constitutional development of Canada. He makes laudatory exception, however, to Mr. Recorder De Montigny's admirable little treatise, entitled "Catechisme Politique," with his commendations of which we cordially agree. In an elaborate Introduction, Mr. Mignault traces and follows up the course of parliamentary government, first in England and then in Canada. The latter portion of this chapter is a fair and able survey of the long struggle, having its centre of interest in this Province, which led up to the establishment of the régime of ministerial responsibility. Young students of our Constitution ought to read this excellent historical compendium with attention before undertaking the study of the purely commentatorial division of the work. He should also master what is said of the British Constitution before proceeding to the second part, which treats of its application, in a modified form, to our Federal and local Governments. The third part deals with parliamentary procedure and contains a large amount of most useful knowledge in a comparatively short space. A supplement on the Constitution of the United States, in which are indicated the points in which it differs from that of Canada—to the advantage of the latter—is very timely at the present moment. The British North America Act of 1867, and the acts of 1871 and 1875, in explanation of certain of its articles, are also given in the appendix and add much to the value of the volume. A carefully compiled index and table of contents greatly assist the enquirer in the task of consultation. The appearance of the book is creditable to the publisher, as are its contents to the author, and we have much pleasure in recommending it.

In these days of obstinate questioning on religious subjects, those who would cleave to the faith which has solaced millions of past generations naturally look for guidance in their quest for certainty. Having found assurance on the one great question—the truth of Religion—the next step is towards a firm ground for trust, which would give security against the doubts suggested by diversity of creeds and modes of worship within the pale of Christianity itself. "Is one Religion as good as another?"—this query, often put to itself by the restless mind or by one friend to another of varying belief, is the title of a little volume issued from the press of Messrs. Burns & Oates, of London, and for sale by Messrs. D. & J. Sadler & Co., of this city. It is from the pen of the Rev. John McLaughlin, has the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Glasgow, and is dedicated to Lord Howard, of Glossop. Its object is to confirm members of the Roman Catholic Church in the faith of their fathers, and to stir up in the minds of non-Catholics a desire to examine fairly its claims. Its acceptability to the British public is vouched for by the fact that it has reached its tenth thousand.

Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co., of Toronto are the agents in Canada for the publishing house of Walter Scott, of London. The several series which the firm has introduced to the Canadian public—the "Camelot," "Great Writers" and the "Canterbury Poets"—have already had an

extended sale, due at once to their cheapness and to their excellence. We shall review some of the later issues in an early number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

Something quite new in the way of periodicals is "The Magazine of Poetry," the first number of which has just appeared. It is an illustrated quarterly of 128 pages, and the subscription is \$2 a year in advance. The January number contains portraits of Eliza Allen Starr, Rosa Kertner Jeffrey, Jean Ingelow, John Boyle O'Reilly, M. G. McClelland, Sarah K. Balton, Alice Brotherton, Walt Whitman, Anna K. Green and other more or less noted English and American singers. What is of more interest to many of our readers is that it has biographical sketches of Miss Mary Morgan, from the pen of the Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray and of Prof. Roberts, by Mr. Bliss Carman, with a portrait of the latter, and selections from the works of both poets. We shall have more to say of this quarterly by and by. Meanwhile it has our good wishes.

HOPE.

Deep in the garden of the soul is growing
A gorgeous tree, with blossoms light as gold,
Blooming in numbers to the heart untold,
Where swift the crimson tide of Life is flowing.
All day, all night, though keen the bleak wind blowing,
In sun or shade, the golden flowers unfold
Soft petals, in the light of Love unrolled,
Through changing seasons ever brightly glowing.
But some, perhaps, are drifted (like dead leaves)
When autumn winds through quiet woods are flying
To lonely spots, where sorrow round them weaves,
And binds them silently in sombre sheaves.—
There is no garden 'neath the heaven lying
But in its shadow some sweet flower is dying!

Picton.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

At the Theatre Royal, Mr. E. J. Connelly is producing "The Soap Bubble," a laughable piece which has achieved very great success in Gotham.

At the Theatre Royal, Miss Ada Gray has had an excellent company producing her own adaptation of Mrs. Henry Wood's famous story of "East Lynne."

This week the Academy has Gilmore's grotesque—almost horrible—spectacular production of "The Twelve Temptations," one of the most elaborate of scenic pieces that is at present on the boards.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, war artist and correspondent of the London *Graphic*, will deliver on Monday and Tuesday evenings his two illustrated lectures entitled "War on a White Sheet," and "Here, There and Everywhere."

M. Coquelin, supported by the complete dramatic company which rendered him efficient aid on his last appearance here, will again give a series of seven performances, beginning Monday March 4th, at the Academy of Music.

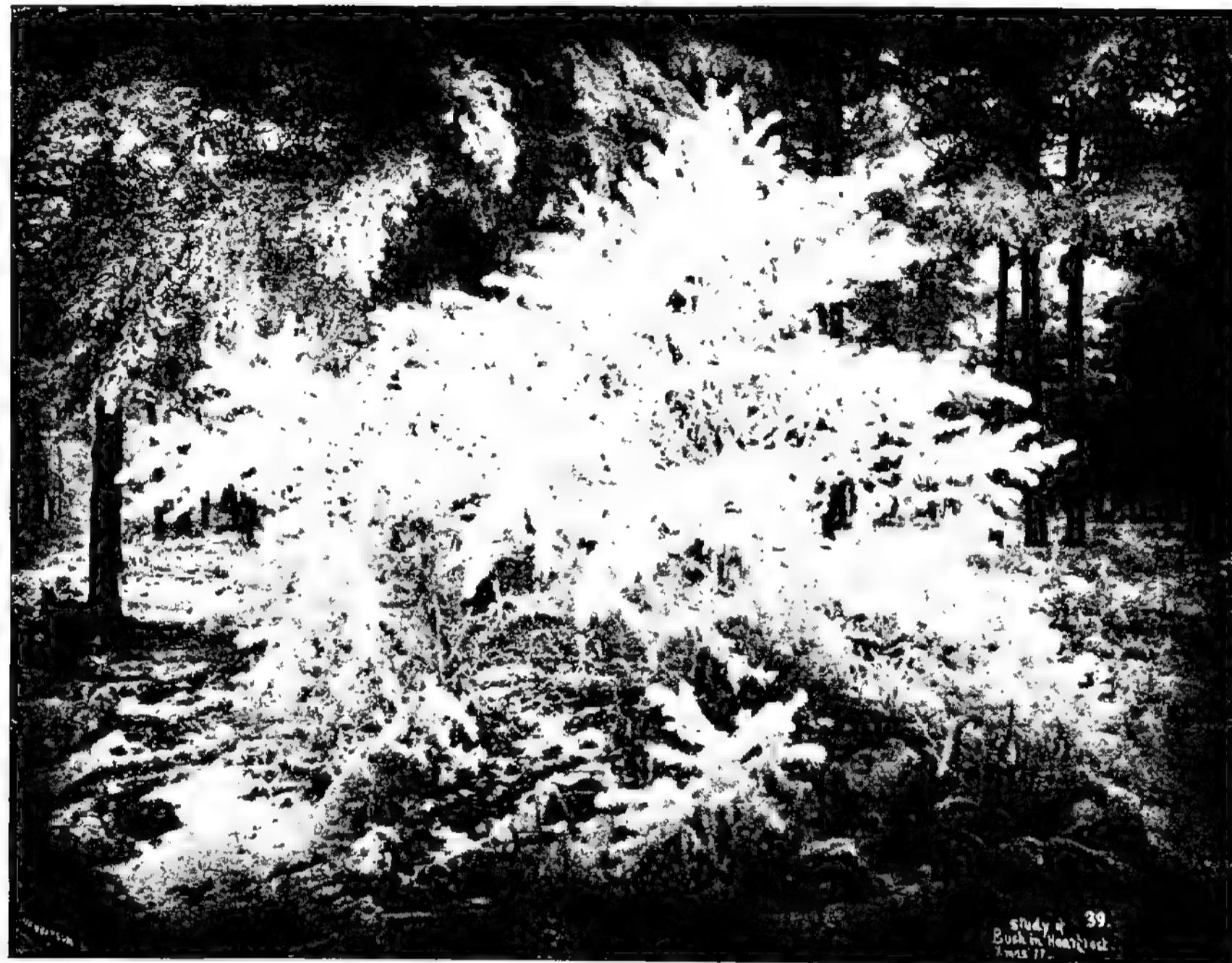
Miss Ada Gray in the double role of "Lady Isabel" and "Madame Vine" is the star in "East Lynne," which is this week being produced at Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House, Toronto, while on Tuesday evening there was most successfully sung in the Pavilion Music Hall of the Queen City, Handel's pathetically wonderful oratorio of "Sampson."

Last week the Academy of Music in Montreal was thronged with delighted audiences, held, as it were, spellbound by the magnificent operatic performances, in English, of the New American Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Heinrichs. The Company was a strong one, and in its repertoire were among other master-pieces: "Lucia de Lammermoor," the "Daughter of the Regiment," "Faust," "Maritana," "Il Travatore," "The Bohemian Girl," and "Un Ballo in Maschera." The *tout ensemble* of the entire engagement may be said to have been admirable.

The Albani Concert in the Queen's Hall, Montreal, on Monday evening, was only another of the triumphs of the Canadian diva. It was a most brilliant affair. The applause with which the fair artist was greeted was of the most enthusiastic. Her voice in its quality, could not be surpassed, while its cultivation is of world-wide notoriety. Her first selection was from "Lucia de Lammermoor." The rest was from "The Redemption," "From Thy love as a Father" being the *morceau* chosen. Her "Aimons!" by Rotoli, roused the auditory to the highest excitement, which she transformed into a great calm as she responded in an inimitable manner with "Home, Sweet Home!" This was understood to be her farewell deliverance, albeit the actual *finale* was the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Albani, at the conclusion of the first part, was presented, by Sir Donald Smith, with a magnificent basket of flowers, contained in which was a beautiful diamond-brooch. The choruses by the Montreal Philharmonic Society, and the pieces by Albani's own company were admirably given and well appreciated. The instrument used, and which so materially supported the chorus, was the "Vocalion" heard for the first time in public in Montreal. It was kindly loaned for this occasion by Mr. George J. Sheppard of our city, who is the agent for the Province of Quebec. The full rich tones of the instrument came like a revelation. The remarkable results obtained from this instrument render the invention of the "Vocalion" one of the most important musical events of the present day, and as such, it will doubtless be hailed by organists and musicians throughout the world with liveliest pleasure and satisfaction.

The eight-hour agitation was started afresh by the Boston common council the other evening in the form of an order requesting the mayor to petition the Legislature for the passage of a law making eight hours a legal day's work.

No lesson is of more importance for the companies to learn than that labor organizations are the inevitable accompaniments of capitalistic organization, which in turn is an entirely normal product of the mechanical inventions of the age.



STUDY OF HOAR-FROST IN MOUNT ROYAL PARK.

From a photograph by Henderson.

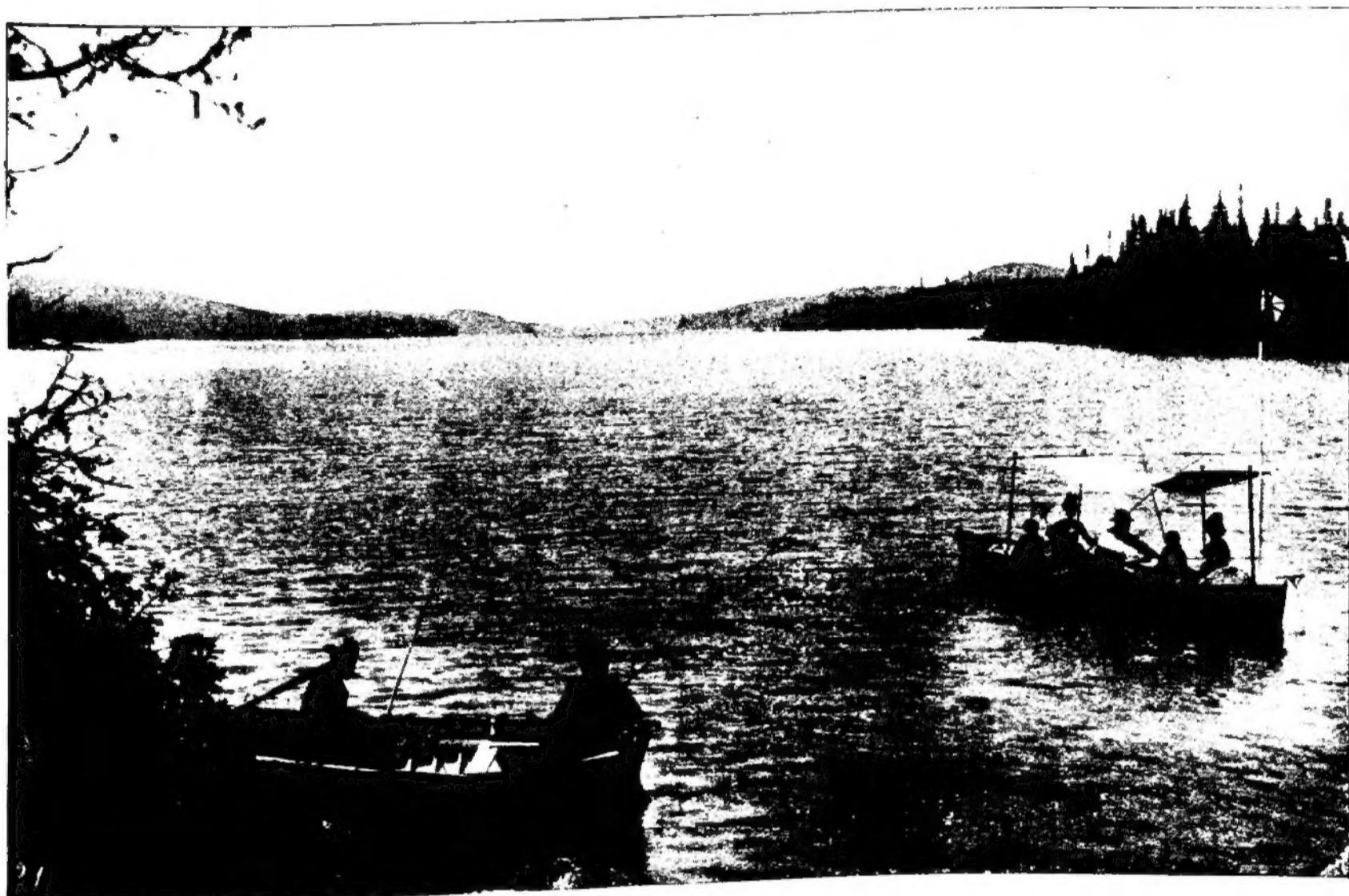


THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

From a photograph by Topley.

THE LAKE ST. JOHN DISTRICT.

From photographs by Livernois, Quebec.



LAKE EDWARD, UPPER PART.



LAKE EDWARD, LOWER END.



VANILLA CAKE.—A tempting French recipe is the following for vanilla cake: Five ounces white almonds are pounded with three eggs, then mixed with five ounces sugar, the yolks of eight eggs and a little vanilla, and the whole stirred to a foam. To this mass is added the beaten whites of four eggs, two ounces and a half flour, and lastly, a cup of milk. The mold is lined with puff paste, the above mass poured into it and baked very slowly.

TRUE HAPPINESS.—No mocking in this world ever sounds to me so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potatoe, to be planted in mould and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropping upon it from the amaranth bloom and golden fruitage of Paradise.

ESKIMO NAMES.—According to a Detroit paper "the Eskimos are naming their children after 'By Thunder,' 'Go to Halifax,' and other expressions used by English sailors." These are mild terms for the English sailor, and the Eskimos are probably getting much stronger names for their children than these are. Byron has paid a poetic tribute to the profanity of the Briton which is not by long odds confined to such mild expressions as "By thunder" and "Go to Halifax."

A TRUE HOME.—Strive to make your home a haven of rest for the tired hearts and minds as much as the wearied bodies of your friends. Administer refreshment by your intellectual, bright surroundings, just as truly to the former as to the latter, when they sit round your board, and you will find that your abode will be an alluring spot to many a worn pilgrim on life's way; and you will feel something of the joys of creation, having created that sweet, rare thing—true emblem of heavenly rest—a true home.

EMRESS OF JAPAN.—*The London Mode of Fashion* says that the Empress of Japan is at the head of a powerful movement for bettering the condition of the women of that country. She has established a college for women at Tokio, under the management of a committee of European and American women. The standard of education is very low, especially in the country districts, and it is hoped that this college will prove a valuable aid in raising the women of Japan to a higher level. In one of the London hospitals there are now three Japanese ladies who are going through their training as nurses, with the intention of returning to their own country, when qualified, and teaching their countrywomen.

JANE HADING.—Mr. Hobart C. Taylor, says a N. Y. paper, contributes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the following charming little epigram of Mme. Jane Hading's eyes:

"Que j'aime, autour, de ta prunelle noire,
Ce cercle bleu tracé par le bonheur;
Liste d'azur qui garde la mémoire
Des amoureux effacés de ton cœur."

It is next to impossible to express in our cold, unfeeling vernacular the subtle sentiment with which these delicate lines throb and glow. One of our amateur French critics has favoured us with this literal translation:

"How I love, around thy eyes black,
That circle blue traced by the good hour;
A list of azure which guards the memory
Of loves effaced from thy heart."

But it has occurred to us that, without professing or seeking to preserve the French idiom or flavour, Mr. Taylor's meaning is fairly well conveyed in this quatrain, furnished us by an ingenious Lake View pundit:

TO JANE HADING.

Not in your heart, but round your eyes,
We read your conquests, great and many;
I would not have it otherwise—
For that is why I like you, Jenny.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

Here is a *Berceuse*, which has all the sleepy, touching rhythm of the lullaby. It was sent on to me without flourish of trumpets, signed Maud, Montreal, 1884, *et præterea nihil*. It is not in the writing of Helen Fairbairn, but much in her style:

ONLY ASLEEP.

Look in the calm face, with its half open eyes,
Smooth back the curl that on his brow lies,
Whisper or sigh, but oh! do not weep,
Because my darling is only asleep.

Only asleep! Asleep to me;
But when will his wakening be?
How I wish I could solve that "mystery deep,"
And learn what my darling dreams while asleep.
Do you think he will dream that I stand here now,
Pressing my lips to his cold little brow?
If he does, I am sure he will wake ere I weep,
And say, "Mother, your darling was only asleep."

I laid him down at break of morn,
With a sweet summer breeze his spirit has gone;
I may sigh or sob, but will strive not to weep,
For the Angel of Death put my darling to sleep.

If you think these old grim, horny-handed *chasseurs* and *voyageurs* of the Northwest have no music in their souls you are very much mistaken. Listen to "K. L. Jones"—"K. L. J.," I like that name:

THE OLD NOR' WESTER.

A jolly sort of monarch was the old North-western trader,
With his palace at Mount Royal and retainers by the score,
Brave fellows who were ready for voyage, or a raid, or
Any other fine adventure that might happen to the fore.
He had ships to bear his peltries to market o'er the ocean,
And canoes to scour the rivers stretching leagues on leagues away;
He had toits to guard his outposts; his breast heaved with emotion,
As he thought of all the empire that was tribute to his sway.

There never was a chieftain, with his clansmen in the heather,
On the moors of Invernesshire or among the wilds of Perth,
Was prouer than our Sandy, without kilt, or sword, or feather;
For Sandy, of Mount Royal, was the proudest man on earth.

Whene'er he springtide wakened up the Chaudiere's distant thunder,
Along the river Dryad eyes peeped out from every tree,
And Fawns and Satyrs sported, with their great eyes full of wonder,
As they viewed a royal progress that immortals seldom see.

It was a fleet of bark canoes, upon the darkling water,
That from out their sylvan solitude the forest spirits saw,
And heard the paddles splash, amid the singing and the laughter

Of our trader's hardy *voyageurs* and wild *courreurs de bois*.
To the council at Grand Portage, as to an ancient tourney,
To the traders' yearly parliament they toil along the mait,
And the monarch has his bark canoes well freighted for the journey,

With his baker, cooks, and usquebaugh, and baskets of champagne.

St. Anne's, a stream of molten gold, is shimm'ring in the gloaming;

The Chaudiere's many voices through the mists and mountains ring;

They ply the paddles deftly when the Mattawa is foaming,
And they proudly, calmly sweep along the wid'ning Nipissing.

Through the kingdom of the Manitou, where rocks like Rhineland castles,

With their donjon-keep and barbican rise up to guard the way;

Past interminable forests, where pine trees wave their tassels,

At last they round Cape Thunder in the driving sleet and spray.

Such a gath'ring at Fort William! Such dissonance of voices!

The gutturals of Scotland with the softer Indian tongue—
The greetings in the council room! The courtyard full of noise,

When Salteaux, Cree and Half-breed met, and the very welkin rung.

There were partners from Mount Royal, with patronizing graces;

There were factors, with their savage thralls, from half a hundred posts;

Debaters waxing eloquent, with red plethoric faces—
And to crown the day were banquets, with their roaring songs and toasts.

He is gone, the old Nor' Wester! Far down the silent river,
He has paddled, with his *voyageurs*, the spirit shore along:
There lingers but the memory of a sublime endeavour,
With a burst of distant laughter and the echo of a song.
Kingston, Feb., 1889.

K. L. JONES.

EAST CORINTH, Feb. 12, 1889.

DEAR MR. TALON-LESPERANCE,—I send you some patriotic pottage that has lately been simmering in my brain, to what result I know not, but, judging that the journal you edit has for a main intent the fosterage and furtherance of things national, I thought that, if it is fit to appear anywhere, to you it ought to go. So I send you the only copy that exists, and await your judgment, which may be more favourable than mine, a fortnight hence. When one writes with a little glow, he thinks his "barmy noddle's workin' prime," but ten to one it turns out to be flat or sour beer, so soon as the cork is lifted; and after what you and Roberts, not to mention sundry others of our poets, have done, I ought to forbear even an attempt. However, here it is:

You did me an unexpected—what shall I call it?—by the insertion of my slipshod letter in your columns. I would have made it as stiff and proper as a country parson ought if I had suspected your intent. But did you ever know an anxious parent to fret and frown when at the time his heart knew a secret pleasure? And what wean can be utterly misbegotten to the mother? The DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is of great interest to me now, during the Carnival, and I get a conception of the distinctive Canadian amusements I never had before. I am glad to see you agree with me in the estimate you have given of the songs of Roberts' "little sister." I think that "little sister" can grow, and if mind be, indeed, the standard of the man, or woman, she has proportions quite attractive already. The toast "Canadians are We!" breathes a double spirit of poetry and patriotism, and, if inferior to other kindred pieces of its author, is yet not, by any means, devoid of merit. Trusting I may have admittance to your fraternal singing group,

I am, sir, yours most obediently,
ARTHUR LOCKHART.

CANADA.

O native land! I hail afar
O'er thy lov'd brow the morning star—
The regal star, that doth forerun
The rising of a nation's sun.

Omen of discords moaned away,
Large herald of a nobler day,
O joyous star! what voice is thine?
A bard, a prophet, sure ye shine!

O star of hope! I will not turn
From where thy matin glories burn;
Thy faithful fires shall rise in me,
And kindle splendour that shall be

A crown of beauty and of might
O'er her, enthroned in all men's sight,
When Canada unveils her worth
Amid the nations of the earth.

O Empire-star! ascend and shine
Over this wide domain of thine!
Still shine, and sing, while join with thee
Voices of mountain, lake and sea!

For, while we gaze upon thy ray,
The ignoble thought shall flee away;
The slavish wish, the base desire,
Shall tremble, and, abashed, retire.

Let every symbol join with thine;
The youthful freshness of the pine,
Strength of the oak, the stately pride
Of elms, where smooth thy rivers glide:

The shamrock, in her scented hood,
Bewept with tears, and stained with blood,
Shall in our garland woven be,
And speak the married peoples three.

Soon as the mayflower's gentle grace
Looks to us from its forest place,
'Twill seem to say—sweet child of earth—
"Love thou the land that gave thee birth."

The red rose, on its thorny tree,
Shall mind us all what men we be,—
What royal rapture in us flows,
All rich and ruddy as the rose.

The northern thistle's prickly gem
Shall nestle in our diadem,
And, with the lily's melting glance,
Shall mingle grandeur and romance.

Shall loyal cheeks be tinged with shame
On hills where wide thy maple flame?
Shall not keen north and south wind bland,
Blow proudly o'er our native land?

Soft breathing, o'er her summer-breast,
Woo to perfection what is best!
And ye, pure, sparkling winter nights,
Be salt to season her delights!

Art deck her shrines and rear her domes,
And harmony upbuild her homes,
And virtuous incense, lightsome grace,
Illume and sweeten every place.

And hers be song, whose aerial fire
Shall nerve, and hearten, and inspire ;
And hands, at Honour's master-word,
Can sweep the lyre or wield the sword.

Of her let Fame no more be dumb,
To her let eager peoples come,
While toward her westward peaks of snow
Her sons in strong procession go.

And none the scornful word bespeak,
Nor envious occasion seek,
While Canada unveils her worth
Among the nations of the earth,

—Arthur John Lockhart.

DO ACTORS FEEL?

Before writing his "Study in the Psychology of Acting," Mr. William Archer sent a number of questions to several artists of the first class, with the request that they would return him answers. The questions were :

In moving situations, do tears come to your eyes? Do they come unbidden? Can you call them up and repress them at will? In delivering pathetic speeches does your voice break of its own accord? Or do you deliberately simulate a broken voice? Supposing that, in the same situation, you on one night shed real tears and speak with a genuine "lump in your throat," and, on the next night, simulate these affections without physically experiencing them—on which occasion should you expect to produce the greater effect upon your audience?

The replies show, "on unimpeachable evidence," that tears have been shed on the stage by Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Bateman, and many of the greatest actors and actresses now no longer living.

The testimony obtained in reply to the query whether, in scenes of laughter, actors feel genuine amusement, is divergent. "Some actors declare themselves highly susceptible to the contagion of the character's mirth, others (of no less authority) are equally positive in asserting the laughter to be always a deliberate simulative effort."

The following questions were also put : Do you ever blush when representing bashfulness, modesty, or shame? or turn pale in scenes of terror? or grow purple in the face in scenes of rage? or have you observed these physical manifestations in other artists? On leaving the stage after a scene of terror or of rage, can you at once repress the tremor you have been exhibiting, and restore your nerves and muscles to their normal quietude?

The replies to this question go to build up one of Mr. Archer's strongest positions. The evidence shows that "three symptoms of acute feeling, which are utterly beyond the control of the will—blushing, pallor and perspiration—commonly, and even habitually, accompany the stage emotion of the greatest artists."

BE INDEPENDENT.

It has been well said that there is nothing in the wide world that secures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time as a general thing. A little assistance, a little influence is not to be had by asking, but there is always something one can do himself. Do it, whatever it is, with a will.

Men who can defy adverse circumstances, and can earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they are dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves and set to work at almost anything that offers; and who can sew on their own buttons and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of womankind, are the ones who are really independent.

The most hopeful women are kindest and truest, and as for a man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength nor sweetness may be hoped for. In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself. Give the helping hand when you may. Take it, if in some sore strait it is offered freely, but never ask for it. Be independent as far as man may be; if you would honour yourself, or be honoured by others, or be happy.

HERE AND THERE.

SELF-RELIANCE.—Sir John Macdonald, speaking to a deputation recently, declared that the practice of giving subsidies to projected railways was not only rolling up heavy liabilities, but was enervating the people and teaching them to rely on the Government instead of on their own private endeavors in the promotion of enterprises.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—A few weeks ago the Rev. James Paterson, of Ballater Free Church, an old college friend of the Rev. John Macneill, received a call to become colleague to Rev. Adolph Saphir of the Belgravia Presbyterian Church, London. On observing the intimation of the call in the papers, Mr. Macneill telegraphed to his friend, "Will ye gang, Jamie?" Jamie replied laconically, "Acts viii. 55." On referring thereto, Mr. Macneill read, "And the Angel of the Lord spake unto Philip saying, Arise, and go toward the south, into the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS LIBRARY.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in presenting his medical library to the Boston Medical Library Association, has parted with a collection which has taken a lifetime to gather. The oldest book in the series was written in 1490 and the latest in 1887. Says Dr. Holmes:—"These books are dear to me; a twig from some one of my nerves runs to every one of them, and they mark the progress of my study and the stepping stones of my professional life. If any of them can be to others as they have been to me, I am willing to part with them, even if they are such old and beloved companions."

THE VERGERS.—The Westminster vergers are famous for Bumbleton airs above other vergers. Dean Stanley used to tell a capital story about one of them, which ran as follows: A gentleman visiting the Abbey one week-day noticed some one enter and kneel down in one of the pews, as is common in all foreign churches, upon which the verger went up and tapped the worshipper on the shoulder, who rose and retired in disgust. Presently the same thing happened again, when the spectator had the curiosity to ask the verger for an explanation of his singular conduct. "Lor' bless you, sir, he was a sayin' his prayers; if we once allowed 'em to do that, we should have them prayin' all over the place!"

MILTON'S HAIR.—The most precious of all Mr. Stoddard's literary relics is a lock of Milton's hair that came to him from his friend G. H. Boker. Boker had it from Leigh Hunt's American editor, S. Adams Lee, to whom it was given by Hunt himself. Dr. Beatty gave it to Hunt, and Hook, the translator of "Tasso," gave it to Beatty. Previously it had belonged to Dr. Johnson. Hunt could not trace it back further, but it is believed to be a portion of the lock attached to a miniature portrait of Milton that once belonged to Addison. On these same threads of goldish light-brown Hunt wrote a sonnet and Keats a poem. But the lock is not so full as in those days, for Leigh Hunt gave part of it to Mrs. Browning.

FICTION AND GREAT MEN.—A London gossip has been noting the favourite fiction of statesmen. He says that Mr. Gladstone did not read "David Copperfield" until late in life, and the fiction he now most affects is that which deals with philosophy and history, like Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," Mr. Graham's "Neæra" (a work whose popularity is less than its deserts), and Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Goschen, on the other hand, delights in novels of incident. He is a great reader of fiction, and prefers Mr. Baring-Gould. Lord Salisbury's tastes are not so well known. He certainly makes no allusions to novels in his speeches. Mr. Bright prefers poetry to fiction, and would hardly make a good critic of the modern novel. Sir William Harcourt reads everything that comes in his way, but does not retain much of the lighter works which he reads. Lord Cranbrook is a great admirer of Sir Walter Scott.

HUMOROUS.

A shoe found in a narrow street may be said to resemble a Florida reptile—alley-garter.

A dry goods store advertises: "A lot of stockings on our hands." Queer place for 'em, sure enough.

"Fast" colours are not usually "loud," thereby differing from human beings of the same tendencies.

Undressed kids are admitted free of duty, which fact probably accounts for the many babies who are born without clothing.

A St. Louis shoemaker has invented a gun that he says will carry a bullet ten miles. Provided, of course, that the man who carries the gun travels that distance.

Patti is to make another farewell tour of America. The diva is sure to fare well at the public's hands just as long as she chooses to exchange their notes for her own.

In a case in Memphis a witness testified that "Jim then rushed the growler." "Ah! I see," replied the judge, "Jim then drove a dog off, did he? I understand; go on, sir."

The Empress Augusta of Germany gives a diploma to female servants who have been in continuous service in one family for forty years. There ought to be a diploma for the family, too.

The tired individual, who went into the country, as he said, "to get away from the bustle of city life," found that these articles are just as prevalent in the small towns as in the large ones.

Lots of marriages turn out to be failures, but when a young man is sitting on the parlor sofa with one arm around a twenty-six inch waist, and the light mellowed almost to decay, he seldom thinks of this.

George Augustus Sala, the great English journalist, says: "I wear a white waistcoat on principle. No man ever committed murder in a white waistcoat." If Mr. Sala is right, here is a splendid chance for some dude to do something original.

An Uncut Jewel.—"Darling," he said, "I cannot show my great love for you by rich diamonds and jewels, but you know the strong, manly heart is a gem of no insignificant worth." "Yes, I know that," she said, "but you wear that on your sleeve."

Charles Theodore Russell was examining a witness in a Cambridge court one day recently. The question was about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness honestly. "It was just an ordinary hoof." Then Mr. Russell had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.

"He went through the window like a man going into his hat," said Mr. Jobkins to his wife, speaking of a burglar. "How was that, my dear?" she enquired, with provoking innocence. "Head foremost, of course. You never saw a man go into his hat feet foremost, did you?" replied Jobkins, sharply. "No, dear," she said demurely; "that is, never till I saw you try to do it at one o'clock in the morning." After that Jobkins somehow felt indisposed to carry on the conversation.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE.

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy
Now we adjudge 'em crazy.
Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive;
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him—
Go, read that virile poem,
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And, starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty
And a classic maiden pretty
He painted up the city,
And Mæcenas paid the freight!



SURE PAY.

Pray, aunty, lend me fifty cents; when I grow up and become a medical student, I will return it!



SOON FOUND.

MARIA: "Arthur, dear, I need a new bonnet!"

ARTHUR: Annoyed. "It will be found in time."

MARIA: Extracting triumphantly a new hat from a hand-box. "It is already found, my dear, just look. It is not a beauty! and only twenty dollars!"

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